

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1864.

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.
A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS,"
THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

PART II.

IN my last article I traced the career of Josiah Wedgwood, it will be recollected, from his birth down through the period of his apprenticeship and his affliction, and so on, through his short partnership at the start of life, to the time when he was fairly embarked in business with his second partner, Thomas Whieldon, at Fenton. I there showed the kind of wares which were produced by Wedgwood and Whieldon, and the basis of the arrangement between them, and gave an extract from Whieldon's account book, showing a part of the cost of erecting an addition to the works a few years previously.

From the same curious and highly interesting account book I extract the following entries of "hirings" for the purpose of showing the small amount of wages paid in those days as compared with the present, and the curious and amusing bargains which were made between masters and workmen as to "earnest money" and gifts of "old cloaths," &c. The following are a few of the entries:—

	£	s.	d.
1749.			
Jany. 27. Hired Jno. Austin for placing white, &c. pr week	0	5	6
Pd. his whole earnest	0	3	0
Feby. 14. Then hired Thos. Dutton	0	6	6
Pd. 1 pr. Stockins	0	3	6
Earnest for vineing	0	15	0
1 pr. Stockins	0	2	6
Pd. in part	0	1	0
Pd. do. in 7 yds. cloth	0	8	9
" 16. Hired Wm. Keeling for handling	0	6	0
Pd. his whole earnest	0	1	0
Hired Wm. Cope for handling & vineing & cast ware, for	0	7	0
Pd. his whole earnest	0	10	6
" 28. Then hired Robt. Gardner pr week	0	6	6
Earnest	0	10	6
Pd. him toward it	0	1	0
I am to make his earnest about 5s. more in something.			
March 8. Then hired Jno. Barker for ye huvel, @	0	5	6
Pd. earnest in part	0	1	0
Pd. it to pay more	0	1	0
" 24. Hired Low for making Slip Pd. him in part of his earnest	0	5	3
To pay more	0	2	6
" 26. Then hired George Bagnall, for firing for this year, for	0	5	3
Full earnest, 5s.			
Pd. in part, 2s. 6d.			
Hired for 1750	0	5	6

	£	s.	d.
1749.			
April 9. Hired Siah Spode, to give him from this time to Martlemas next 2s. 3d., or 2s. 6d if he Deserves it.			
2d year	0	2	9
3d year	0	3	3
Pd. full earnest	0	1	0

This entry is of considerable historical interest, as being the first hiring of the great Josiah Spode, the founder of the family which rose to such eminence in the art. The "hiring," which appears to have been the apprenticeship, or, what was tantamount to it, the learning of the trade, would, from this entry, appear to have been for three years. The first at 2s. 3d. per week, "or 2s. 6d. if he deserves it," and the succeeding years at a rise of sixpence per week each. There are two other entries in this same book relating to Josiah Spode, which I here give, as they relate to future hirings after the expiration of the first term:—

	£	s.	d.
1752.			
Feby. 22. Hired Josiah Spode for next Martlemas, per week	0	7	0
I am to give him earn.	0	5	0
Pd. in Part	0	1	0
Pd. do.	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
1754.			
Feby. 25. Hired Siah Spode, per week	0	7	6
Earnest	1	11	6
Pd. in part	0	16	0

	£	s.	d.
1749.			
June 2 Hired a boy of Ann Blows for Treading ye lathe, per week	0	2	0
Pd. earnest	0	0	6

	£	s.	d.
1751.			
Jany. 11. Then hired Elijah Simpson for Turning, he is to have pr week	0	8	0
Whole earnest	2	2	0
Pd. in part	1	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Then hired Saml. Jackson for Throwing Saggers and firing pr week	0	8	0
Whole earnest	2	2	0
Pd. in part	1	2	0
Pd. more	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Feby. 9.			
Hired Jno. Edge, for per week	0	6	0
He is to have earnest	0	5	0
& a new pr. stockins	0	2	0
Pd. in part	0	1	0
Hired his son Saml for	0	1	3

	£	s.	d.
April 6.			
Hired Wm. Kent, per week	0	7	6
To give for earnest	0	12	0
Pd. in part	0	1	6
To give a new Shirt at 16d. per yard.			
Hired Ann Blows Girl & Boy			
Girl	0	0	9
Boy, Joseph	0	2	0
To give earnest, Testament.			

From the same document we learn the prices charged for some of those beautiful and peculiar wares for which Whieldon and his partner, Josiah Wedgwood, were so famed. One or two of these items I here give:—

To send Mrs. DAVISON

6 ½ pt. mugs, white, 2d.
1 flat candlestick, Tor.*

Mr. THOS. FLETCHER, Dr.

	£	s.	d.
To 1 doz. Plates, Tor.	0	8	0
" 2 ½ do. plate	0	2	6
" 22 dishes	0	2	0
" 1 do. painted	0	2	0
" 1 do. Cream Colr.	0	1	8
" 5 pails	0	2	6

Mr. DAVISON.

	£	s.	d.
1 pail	0	0	6

From this document I shall have occasion in another paper to make further extracts, but the above will be read with interest by collectors of these early productions.

The goods manufactured by Whieldon, both during his partnership with Wedgwood and afterwards, were of remarkably good quality, of excellent form, and were well "potted" in every respect. They are now very scarce, and are highly and deservedly prized by collectors. I have in my own collection a fine "tortoiseshell plate" and a small "cauliflower jug," which have passed into my hands from the present aged descendant of the Uriah Sutton who is named in more than one place in the document just referred to as being "hired" by Whieldon. These, on another occasion, I shall have more particularly to note, and shall then speak of the different kinds of ornamental wares which were made by him and other potters at that early date. Of these kinds, one variety—the marbled, or "combed patterns," as I venture to name them—are deserving of very special notice, from their beauty and intricacy of pattern. In the accompanying engraving I have shown two of these remarkably fine plates—the centre octagonal one measuring in its largest diameter fifteen and a half inches—a small green "cauliflower jug," and an imitation agate knife-haft, from my own collection. These are all highly characteristic examples of the manufacture of this period.

I have it from excellent authority that as early as 1745—when only in his fifteenth year—Josiah Wedgwood had begun to make a few trial articles of that improved kind of ware which afterwards obtained for him the distinction of "Queen's Potter," and for the ware itself that of "Queen's Ware," and these trials and improvements he continued to make and to carry on during the remaining years of his servitude, and afterwards



TORTOISESHELL WARE.

until he brought it to perfection. Whieldon, however, it seems, doing a large business in his own peculiar wares, did not care to embark much on the "new-fangled wares" of his young partner, although he evidently fell into some of those ways in a very profitable manner. In 1754—the year in which he became the partner of Whieldon—Josiah Wedgwood, after many patient trials, succeeded in producing his admirable green glaze, and this invention did more, it is believed, to augment the already rising fortune of Whieldon than any other ware did. Whieldon in the end acquired a large fortune by his trade, and in 1786 was High Sheriff of the county of Stafford.

In 1759, the term of five years, for which he had by agreement become the partner of Thomas Whieldon, expired, and Josiah Wedgwood immediately returned to his native place, Burslem, with the full determination of prosecuting his own favourite pursuits, and of bringing the schemes and the experiments he had so long tried to a successful issue. Here, at twenty-nine years of age, he commenced business entirely on his own account, and soon showed to the world, not only the extraordinary capacity of his ever active mind,

* Tortoiseshell, the famous ware for which these early potters were celebrated.

but the extreme skill, intelligence, and taste which he brought to bear on every branch of his native and chosen art.

I have reason to believe that on his first return, ing to Burslem, Wedgwood, for a time, occupied the old pot-work at the Churchyard, where he had been born and apprenticed, and that here—untrammelled by partners with views adverse to his own, and by the surroundings of jealous and watchful eyes—he set himself earnestly to the work of improvement his whole heart had longed for, and took leisure to carry on his grand design of raising the potter's art above its then standard of excellence, and of successfully rivalling in earthenware not only the more costly productions of foreign countries of the present day, but those of long past ages. Here he was so eminently successful that he soon found himself obliged to extend his operations, and he entered on a pot-work nearer to the centre of the town, and within a stone's throw of the works of his cousins, Thomas and John Wedgwood, to whom the premises belonged.

This pot-work, and the house belonging to it, which he afterwards occupied, and which was

called the "Ivy House," from the fact of its being covered with ivy, was situated where the butcher's shambles now stand, the old buildings having been purchased by the market commissioners, and taken down for the erection of the present market in 1835. The "Ivy House," with the pot-works belonging to it, are shown in the accompanying engraving, from a sketch kindly furnished to me by the oldest member of the Wedgwood family, to whom I shall have occasion again shortly to refer. These premises belonged to Thomas and John Wedgwood, of the "Big House," to whom Josiah became tenant, covenanted by written agreement to pay for the house and the pot-work attached to it the yearly rent of ten pounds—a rent which, in those days, when Burslem was but a village, and when its pot-works were scattered about the almost waste lands, might be deemed good, but which, at the present day, for similar premises, would have to be multiplied by, at least, ten, before a tenant could have possession.

The "Ivy House" and works were situated nearly in the centre of the town, or rather village, of Burslem. The premises stood at the corner of

house have the reputation of being the first roofed with tiles in the district—the usual roofing being thatch, or, oftener still, mud.

The Ivy House and works Josiah Wedgwood rented, as I have stated, from his relatives, John and Thomas Wedgwood, of the "Big House," at the annual rental of £10, and here, the Churchyard works not being sufficient to meet his expanding views and extending trade, he carried on the manufacture of his ornamental goods, his more ordinary ware, I believe, being produced at the Churchyard. At the Ivy House works he produced many things far in advance of his day, and such as, when he had previously foreshadowed them to his brother, were considered by him and others to be wild and visionary schemes, unlikely to lead to profit, and only to be indulged in at the expense of time, money, and connections. To the Ivy House itself, too, Josiah brought home his bride, and there lived happily with her for several years. It was after being established here for a little time, and "feeling his way" onwards, that Josiah Wedgwood proposed to purchase the works, and also those of his relatives at the "Big House," with which they were connected, but was unsuccessful. The property, therefore, remained in the hands of the "Big House" Wedgwoods until sold by their descendant, Thomas Wedgwood, in 1831 and 1834. In the former year the portion of the property sold for the purpose of enlarging the market-place—the sum paid for which was £1,400—consisted of four buildings on the side of the property nearest to the Town Hall, which were taken down and their site thrown open to the market. In 1834, it was determined by the market trustees to purchase and take down the remainder of the buildings on this part of the Wedgwood property lying between the market place and Shoe Lane, and to erect the present convenient and spacious market-house on its site. Thus the Ivy House, with its kilns and workshops, the Turk's Head, and other buildings, were swept away. The price paid for this portion of the estate was £2,600, making in all £3,000 paid for taking away one of the most interesting memorials of Josiah Wedgwood which the neighbourhood possessed.

Although not strictly a part of the history of Josiah Wedgwood's works, it becomes a necessary part of my narrative to say a few words about his eldest brother, Thomas, with whom it will be recollected he served his term of apprenticeship, and also about the "Overhouse," which, as well as the Churchyard house and works, is described as belonging to him. It will also be necessary, later on, to speak of the "Big House" property, and of its owners, his relatives, Thomas and John Wedgwood.

The "Overhouse," now occupied by Mr. W. E. Twigg, the chief bailiff of the town of Burslem, is a large and commodious residence, opposite to what is now called "Wedgwood Place." It stands back from the street, the grounds being enclosed by a wall where, in Wedgwood's time, wooden railings stood. The "carcase" of the house is, I believe, precisely the same as when occupied by Wedgwood, but modern windows have been substituted for the old leaden casements, the roof and doorway have been altered, and other changes made, so as to convert it into a residence suited to present requirements.

The "Overhouse Works" are situate at the back and to the side of the house, with entrance in Wedgwood Place, where that place joins the Scotia Road. Since the time when they were occupied by Thomas Wedgwood, of the Churchyard, they have been, of course, considerably altered, but it is pleasant to know that a considerable part of the buildings as they now stand, stood in his day, and that here were produced by him such an amount of earthenware goods as secured to his family a handsome competence. A part, at all events, of the premises now used as pot-works were, I believe, formerly the farm buildings belonging to the Overhouse. They were connected with the house by a doorway in the old brick wall, still remaining, which forms an interesting link between the present and the past. This doorway I show in the accompanying vignette. It is surmounted, as will be seen, by a cleverly carved stone tablet, of remarkably good design, and has evidently been intended to bear an inscription. The Overhouse estate appears for a



THE IVY HOUSE.

what was then, as long afterwards, known as *Shoe Lane*, or *Shore Lane*, now called *Wedgwood Street*, which at that time was a narrow way, only wide enough for a single cart to pass along, and as rough and uneven as well could be. The visitor to Burslem who desires to know exactly the site of this historically interesting house, should stroll up to the fine modern-built shambles, or "butchery" as it is sometimes called, and while he stands at the corner facing down Swan Square, he may rest assured that he is standing on what was the little enclosed garden in front of Wedgwood's house; that the outer wall of the building at his back goes diagonally across the house from corner to corner, one half being under the shambles and the other where the street now is; that the site of one of the kilns is just beneath the centre of the shambles; and that another kiln was about the middle of the present street at his back; the surrounding workshops being partly where the street now is, and partly where the building at present stands.

The "Ivy House," so called, as I have said, because it was covered with a profusion of ivy,

might originally have been roofed with thatch or mud, like the other buildings of the district, but it was afterwards tiled, as shown in the engraving. In front was a small garden enclosed with a low wall, and a brick pathway led from the gate to the doorway. The front faced the open space called the "Green Bank," where the village children played to their heart's content among the clay and shards which, even in those days, had no doubt usurped the place of the "green" grass from which it took its name. Adjoining the house was a low, half-timbered, thickly-thatched building, afterwards known as the "Turk's Head," and beyond this again was the maypole, on "Maypole Bank," of which I have before spoken, and which stood on the site now occupied by the Town Hall. At the opposite side of the house from the "Turk's Head" was a gateway leading into the yard of the works, which made up one side of Shoe Lane, the pot-works of John and Thomas Wedgwood, with which these were connected, being on the opposite side of the lane, where some of the buildings are now occupied by Messrs. Harley and Dean. These works and

long time to have belonged to the Wedgwoods. From 1620 to 1657 it was held by Thomas Colclough, who married Catherine, one of the co-heiresses of Thomas Burslem, and sister to the other co-heiress, Margaret, married to Gilbert Wedgwood. Mr. Colclough had an only son, who died without issue, when most of his estates passed to his second cousin, Burslem Wedgwood. Mr. Colclough (who at one time was constable of the Manor of Tunstall) and his wife, Catherine Burslem, resided for many years at the Overhouse, and is described as its occupier in 1662. In 1718, Richard Wedgwood, by will, gave to his wife, Catherine, daughter of John Wedgwood, all the messuages, lands, &c., in the holding of Samuel Malkin, with a piece of land, called the "Town Croft," and several closes, called the "Brown Hills," for her life, and after her decease, to his son, John, in fee; and to his said wife he gave a work house and one parcel of ground, called the "Service Yard," for her life, with remainder to his son John. This son, John Wedgwood, was a minor, and died under age, and so never came into possession. Catherine Wedgwood, after the decease of her husband, Richard, married secondly Thomas Bourne, and thirdly

Rowland Egerton, Esq., and the Overhouse became their chief residence after the decay of Dale Hall. This lady, usually known as Madam Egerton, died at an advanced age in 1756. At her death, which took place at the Overhouse, the property passed to Thomas Wedgwood, brother of Josiah, as heir-at-law of her deceased son, John. Thomas Wedgwood, who married, first, Isabel Beech, and had by her two sons, John and Thomas, and three daughters, Catherine, Sarah, and Mary, married, secondly, Jane Richards, by whom he had issue two sons, William and John, and a daughter, Jane. He died, it appears, in 1772, when the property passed to his son Thomas, who, having married Mary Alsop, had two sons, Thomas and John. He died in 1786, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who occupied the Overhouse until his death, in 1809, when the property was sold by the trustees under his will to Christopher Robinson, who sold it to John Wood, in whose hands it has remained until recently purchased from his representatives by its present owner, Mr. Challinor.

The Overhouse Works were occupied early in the present century by Messrs. Goodfellow and Bathwell, who were succeeded by Mr. Challinor,

His principal products at this time were ornamental flower and other vases, with gilt or coloured foliage, mouldings, and handles; jardinières; white ware medallions; and other goods of a similar kind. He also made much green-glazed earthenware, and designed and produced some tea-services, in which the different vessels were formed and coloured to represent various fruits and vegetables, as the apple, pine, melon, pear, cauliflower, &c., and these novelties took so well that they soon had an abundant sale. These, like all his other designs and inventions, were soon caught up by the other potters in the place, and so became a part of the general trade of the district. Some of these pieces which I have seen, and indeed possess, are of great excellence in design, and are well painted in imitation of the fruit sought to be represented.

His connections and reputation rapidly increasing, and his health improving, Josiah Wedgwood soon found it necessary to increase his establishment, and therefore he entered upon fresh premises, not far from the Ivy House, and thus he held at one and the same time three distinct manufactories in his native town.

One of the greatest difficulties he had to contend against was the irregular habits of the workpeople and the consequent want of order in the workrooms. To these matters very little attention had hitherto been given in these manufactories. They might probably be more easily dispensed with in small works, but are essentially requisite when the community becomes too considerable to be always within the compass of the master's eye. "He had to combat in this reform the force of customs that had the authority of ages, but which had tended very much to check improvement, and to injure the morals of the people employed. He made himself acquainted with what had been done in this respect in the great manufactories of other parts that had already been reduced to a state of some discipline. His worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Boulton, had lately formed his establishment at Soho, near Birmingham, under nearly the same circumstances, and Mr. Wedgwood adopted such parts of his plan as were practicable in a manufactory so dissimilar. The frame and temper of his mind were well suited to such an undertaking. He had now, and retained through life, the habit of a cool and patient investigation of every subject that came before him, and his own previous conviction gave energy to action. His regulations were never introduced, therefore, in a crude or hasty way, but seemed to rise naturally out of the occasion, and stifled opposition by their evident necessity. He felt, too, a sincere and zealous interest in the welfare of his workmen, of which he made them sensible in a thousand ways, and gained over both their judgment and affection to his side. Thus he succeeded to establish a system of order and management by which, while he held in his own hands the great checks that regulate the general motion, his mind was left at liberty to dwell upon the objects that were to perpetuate the blessing of employment to those he had collected around him, and which have eventually furnished it to many thousands more. He had also other difficulties to encounter, arising from the novelty of his works. The workmanship of the pottery was at that period in a very low state as to style. There were only three professed modellers in the whole manufactory. One of these was brought up under Mr. Wedgwood, at Fenton, and had left him a little before to establish works for himself. The wares he made, however, were all produced for the use of Mr. Wedgwood on an engagement that lasted some years, and they received their last finish at his own manufactory in Burslem. Another of the three was altogether in his employment, and the third was modeller to the country at large.

"The machinery consisted only of the potter's wheel, known from all antiquity, and the common turning lathe, and their tools were little more than a few cutting knives. His manner of working required more nicety and skill than had been used before, and he was not only obliged to instruct his men individually, and to form them upon his own model, but had also their tools to contrive, and new kilns, drying-pans, and other apparatus to construct for the purpose of the new manufacture he introduced from time to time,



THE OVERHOUSE WORKS.

by whom they were carried on for some years. They next passed into the occupancy of a manufacturer named Pointon, who in turn was, in 1856, succeeded by Messrs. Morgan, Williams, and Co., and Morgan, Wood, and Co., by whom the works were carried on until 1861, when they passed into the hands of the present occupiers, Messrs. Allman, Broughton, and Co. The productions of these works are the ordinary description of earthenware goods, in services of various kinds, and in the usual classes of useful articles. Some of the ware produced is of fine and good quality, and is made to suit the requirements of both home and foreign markets. Like many of the other works in the neighbourhood, much of the goods produced at this establishment are shipped to the United States, Canada, and Sweden, to the requirements of which markets attention is paid in the manufacture. Stoneware jugs are also produced by this firm, and the finer earthenware services, some of which are of good and effective designs, are either plain, printed, enamelled, or gilt. The works give employment to about one hundred and fifty "hands," and these are engaged in producing the ordinary useful classes of wares, no ornamental goods being made by the firm. Those who either at home, or

when travelling abroad, notice the printed initials, "A. B. & Co.," either with or without the addition of "WEDGWOOD PLACE, BURSLEM," will know, after reading this article, that the crockery which bears it was made at the "Overhouse Works," so long and so intimately connected with the Wedgwood family.

The precarious state of Josiah Wedgwood's health at the time when he was carrying on the Ivy House Works, rendered him incapable for some time of extending his connections so widely as he otherwise would have done, but in the midst of all his distressing ailments he superintended the production of every article, and never allowed himself that proper meed of rest, which was so essential to him. His mind, ever active, seemed at this time to spurn the trammels which his bodily afflictions appeared to throw around it, and to rise, phoenix-like, from that fire which would have destroyed hundreds of minds of the ordinary stamp.

He turned his attention not to the making of the ordinary classes of wares which then formed the staple manufactures of the district, though he still, to some extent, produced them, and to no small extent made the tortoiseshell and marble plates which had already gained much celebrity.

and for which he had very few resources beyond those of his own mechanical invention. If we consider besides the necessary dependence of his discoveries on experimental chemistry and a knowledge of fossils, which he acquired by his own efforts without any intelligent assistant, we shall perceive him in a state of uncommon labour and fatigue of spirits. He was attached to his profession, he saw very early the improvements it was susceptible of, and he pursued it with a willing mind. His days were spent at the bench with his workmen, instructing them, and generally forming with his own hands the first models of the things he proposed to make; and his evenings were taken up in designing or contriving tools for the purposes of the succeeding day. He possessed a decision of mind very favourable in this situation of difficulty. He began, after contriving anything, by declaring that it must be done let what would stand in the way; and it almost constantly was so in the end, for only a very few things that he undertook were unsuccessful. He contracted at this time a habit of thinking during the night on the difficulties of the day, which generally were surmounted before the return of morning, and he was prepared to go on with his work, but he felt the inconvenience of this custom very much in the advanced part of

his life, for if any subject of business took hold of his mind before he went to rest, it was sure to deprive him of sleep the greatest part of the night." Unlike his friend Brindley—who it is said would lie in bed for the day to think over some great scheme—Wedgwood studied in the night, that he might be "up and doing" in the day.

Up to this period the only method—in the few places where even that primitive mode had been adopted, for the workmen generally loitered in and out of the pot-yards as they pleased—for calling the potters to their labours was by sounding a horn. Wedgwood, at the new works he was now entering upon, adopted a better plan, and one which gave a name to the works which will remain with them so long as they are in existence. At this new manufactory he put up a cupola with a bell, which was, as is now the case everywhere, rung to call the workpeople together. This was the first bell put up and used for the purpose in the district, and from this circumstance the Burslem potters, always ready to give to people or places distinctive appellations, got into the habit of calling it the "Bell Bank," or "Bonk" as it was and is more commonly pronounced. Thus the name of the "Bell Works" originated in the same manner as had the dis-

and Australia. In the manufacture of these articles alone, I am given to understand, that about a hundred hands are constantly employed at these works. In parian, besides flower-vases and other small ornaments, some tolerably large groups have been produced at this establishment, and among the most recent improvements is an "ivory body," which possesses great softness in appearance, and is capable of being made largely available for ornamental purposes. Unlike the time of Wedgwood, no services of any kind are produced at these once famed works at the present day.

At the Bell Work house Josiah Wedgwood turned his attention more especially to the production of the fine and delicate descriptions of earthenware which soon earned for him the proud distinction of "Queen's Potter." The result of his close and incessant application, and of his endless experiments into the properties of clays, &c., led to the production of this marvellous kind of earthenware, and to the beauty of finish which characterised it, and which is rarely, if ever, equalled at the present day. Well and truthfully has Mr. Gladstone expressed the beauty, and, at the same time, mechanical nicety for useful purposes, which characterises the pottery of this earthenware, when he says that the speciality of Wedgwood lay in the uncompromising adaptation of every object to its proper end.

In September, 1761, his Majesty George III., who in the previous year had ascended the throne, married the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strellitz, and on the occasion of her accouchement in the succeeding year, Wedgwood, having by that time perfected the body and glaze of his fine cream-coloured ware, presented to her Majesty (then of course Queen Charlotte) a caudle and breakfast service of his manufacture, which was most graciously and flatteringly received. This service, which was of course made of the finest and best cream-coloured quality which could be produced, was painted in the highest style of the day by the first artists of the works, Thomas Daniell and Daniel Steele. The ground of this service, which was prepared with all the skill the art would then admit of, was yellow, with raised sprigs of jessamine and other flowers, coloured after nature. The Queen received this tribute of an infant art, and was so pleased with it that she at once expressed a wish to have a complete table service of the same material. Wedgwood submitted patterns for the several pieces, "which were approved with the exception of the plate, which was the common barleycorn pattern, then making by all the salt-glaze manufacturers. Her Majesty objected to the roughness—the *barley-corn-work* as it is called—and therefore this part was made plain, on the edge was left only the bands, marking the compartments; and being approved by her Majesty, the pattern was called *Queen's pattern*." The ware was at once named by Mr. Wedgwood *QUEEN'S WARE*, and he received the Queen's commands to call himself by the proud distinction of "Potter to her Majesty." On the service being completed the King gave Wedgwood his immediate patronage by ordering a similar service for himself, but without the bands or ribs. This alteration in pattern was "effected to the entire satisfaction of his Majesty," and some little alterations being made in the forms of some of the other pieces, it was called the "Royal pattern."

The patronage thus given, and which was continued in the most liberal and gratifying manner, was of incalculable benefit to Wedgwood, to the district around him, and indeed to the whole kingdom, for it opened up a source of wealth to thousands of people, and was the means of extending commerce to a marvellous extent. Orders for the new kind of ware flowed in upon him in a regular and constantly increasing stream, and at prices which were then considered liberal, or even high. It is recorded that at this period he received at the rate of fifteen shillings per dozen for table plates, and for other pieces a proportionate price. The tide of fortune which thus had set in upon him was immensely increased by his subsequent inventions, and ultimately, as will be seen, swept him from his small manufactory at Burslem to the colony he established a few miles off at Etruria. The other most usual form of plate in his Queen's ware,



THE BELL WORKS.

ring names of "Church Wedgwoods," "Big House Wedgwoods," "Duke Wedgwoods," and a score or two other similar appellations.

The BELL WORKS, of which, in their present state, I give the accompanying engraving from a sketch recently made by myself, was, at the time when Josiah Wedgwood entered on its occupancy, the property of Mr. John Bourne, an army contractor, in the neighbouring town of Newcastle. From him the property passed to his grandson, Mr. John Adams, of Cobridge, about the year 1771, and in 1847 the estate again passed by will into the hands of its present owner, Mr. Isaac Hitchen, of Alsager. The pot-works were occupied by Josiah Wedgwood, as tenant to Mr. John Bourne, until his removal to Etruria. The next tenant was, I believe, Mr. William Bourne, an earthenware manufacturer, who held them for some years, and was tenant in 1809. Mr. Bourne afterwards entered into partnership with a potter named Cornie, and the works were carried on under the style of "Bourne and Cornie." In 1836, the works having then remained for some time unoccupied, were divided, a portion being taken by Messrs. Beech and Jones as an earth-

ware manufactory, another portion taken away for the building of the present Independent Chapel, which was erected on its site in the following year; and other parts were let off to various holders for different purposes apart from the pot trade. In 1839, the partnership between Beech and Jones was dissolved, the former gentleman alone continuing to occupy the same portion of the premises, in which he produced china and earthenware figures. In 1846, Mr. Beech having increased his business, became tenant of the whole of the remaining premises, with the exception of that part occupied by Mr. Dean's printing-office, &c., and in 1853 took into partnership Mr. Brock, which firm, however, only lasted a couple of years. In 1855, Mr. Brock went out of the concern, and from that date Mr. William Beech, the present tenant, has carried on the manufactory alone.

The goods produced at the present day at these historically interesting works are the ordinary marketable china and parian chimney ornaments and toys, which are produced in large quantities both for home sale and for exportation to the United States, the East Indies, the Netherlands,

was "the Bath, or Trencher, from its resemblance to the wooden platter;" and this was succeeded by the concave edge, and other varieties.

These successes were not gained without heavy and severe losses, but the mind of Wedgwood overcame them all, as it would have done any amount of obstacles which might have been placed in his way. A most interesting document, written in the reign of George III., which is now before me, thus speaks of some of these difficulties:—

"The uncertain element of fire is the great enemy that the potter has to struggle with all his life. It is more especially formidable to him if he ventures to make vessels of any extraordinary size, such as some of those which are necessary for the use of the dining-table. Hence so few European manufactories of porcelain can be supported in the production of large vessels without the revenues of a prince. Mr. Wedgwood experienced all these vexations when he first began to make this earthenware for the table. Disasters after disasters; the labour and expense of a month destroyed in a few hours; one kiln pulled down and another erected; that, again, found deficient, and to be altered. A fatal mistake removed, another was discovered elsewhere. Thus it was not only after a considerable time, but with very heavy losses, that he accomplished this point, which has bestowed so many benefits on the neighbourhood he lived in, and given such extension to the national commerce. This is the cream-colour, or Queen's ware, now universally used in these kingdoms, and in every part of Europe where it is not shut out by the jealousy of the sovereign. Its introduction was very rapid. Under the auspices of the powerful patroness it had obtained, it found its way at once to the tables of persons of fortune, and was very soon afterwards universally adopted. The other manufacturers immediately took up the making of it, and building on the experience of the inventor, they were enabled to do so without the losses and vexations he had endured.

"This event was very soon followed by a great improvement of the forms of the vessels in use, and the addition of many others that have given taste and convenience to the economy of the table. The first melioration of the forms in general use belongs exclusively to Mr. Wedgwood, and is a decisive proof that his mind was capable of comprehending whatever had relation to the work he had in hand. The fact is, that the models of everything his manufactory produced were originally formed by himself, with the same ideas of fame and reputation as must possess the minds of every successful artist in more splendid works; and hence it happened that most of his forms were found to be useful studies, and they became patterns not only for the manufacturer in his own way, but for the silversmith and most other workers in metal. They have also been sought for with great eagerness by the conductors of porcelain manufactories on the continent, and often sent to China as patterns for the manufacturers there. To this last use of them Mr. Wedgwood always thought it right to throw in the way every impediment he could, because the Oriental porcelain, better adapted in its forms to the European table, would very materially injure the sale of English earthenwares in many foreign markets, where the former is admitted on low duties, or none at all, and the latter pay very heavy duties.

"About the same time he adapted to the uses of pottery that curious machine the engine-lathe, heretofore employed only in the turning of ivory, wood, or metals. He first became acquainted with the engine-lathe from a large folio volume on the subject in French, which is now perhaps in his library. It was so rare an instrument that the possessor of one in London refused to let him go into the room where it was for a few minutes without paying five guineas.

"By the friendly assistance of Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, he readily got one of them made at that place, and a person instructed in the manner of using it. The first application he made of this machine was to the red porcelain, which being of a close texture, and without a glaze, was well suited to receive and retain a sharpness of work; but he also used it to decorate the vases which he made at that time in the green ware, after the antique, and the designs of several ingenious ladies of this country. And it enabled him to introduce so great a variety of new workmanship upon his wares of every species, both for ornament and use, that it may well deserve to constitute an era in the art of pottery, having become so necessary to it that there is scarcely a works without one or more of them."

The Bell Works are situated at the corner of Brick Street and Queen Street, very near to the new Wedgwood Institution now in course of erection. At the time of which I write, however,

Brick Street was not formed, but was a part of the ground belonging to the manufactory, and was, indeed, waste land, covered with "shard rucks," and other unmistakable evidence of the potter's art. Queen Street then, too, was little better than a lane, but was dignified with the name of Queen Street, through Wedgwood being now appointed Queen's potter, and there making his celebrated Queen's ware.

Wedgwood in this, as in most other matters, did not secure to himself by patent, as almost every other person would have done, his improvements in the manufacture of earthenware, and thus all the potters in the district immediately, to the utmost of their skill, imitated his ware and his patterns. It is remarkable that of all his inventions only one, and that the least important, was secured to him by patent, as I shall soon have occasion to show. In reference to his Queen's ware, Josiah Wedgwood himself thus writes a few years later on. This remarkable passage I quote from an exceedingly rare paper by himself, in my possession:—

"When Mr. Wedgwood discovered the art of making Queen's ware, which employs ten times more people than all the china works in the kingdom, he did not ask for a patent for this important discovery. A patent would greatly have limited its public utility. Instead of one hundred manufactories of Queen's ware there would have been one; and instead of an exportation to all quarters of the world, a few pretty things would have been made for the amusement of the people of fashion in England. . . . It is upon these principles, and these only, that he has acted in this business."

A little further on, still speaking of "stone ware, Queen's ware, or porcelain," Wedgwood says—

"It is well known that manufacturers of this kind can only support their credit by continual improvements. It is also well known that there is a competition in these improvements in all parts of Europe. In the last century Burslem, and some other villages in Staffordshire, were famous for making milk-pans and butter-pots, and by a succession of improvements the manufactory in that neighbourhood has gradually increased in the variety, the quality, and the quantity of its productions, so as to furnish, besides the home consumption, an annual export of useful and ornamental wares, nearly to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds; but during all this progress it has had the free range of the country for materials to work upon, to the great advantage of many landowners and of navigators. Queen's ware has already several of the properties of porcelain, but is yet capable of receiving many essential improvements. The public have for some time required and expected them. Innumerable experiments have been made for this purpose," &c.

Of the early "Queen's Ware" a specimen, authenticated as being made at the "Bell Works," is preserved in the Museum of Practical Geology, having previously formed a part of the collection of Mr. Enoch Wood—a collection illustrative of the staple Staffordshire manufacture, which ought



never to have been dispersed * This example, a butter-boat of excellent form, I here engrave.

A few years before this time, Messrs. John Sadler and Guy Green, of Liverpool, had brought out their invention of printing on earthenware tiles, which process had occupied their attention for some years. It was soon found to be as

* Of this collection I may yet have more to say, but I cannot forbear expressing a profound regret—a regret shared in by all lovers of English fictile Art—that this collection, made long ago, at immense labour and at considerable cost, should have been allowed to be frittered away and destroyed. A part of the examples is now in the Museum at the Mechanics' Institution, Hanley; another part in the Museum of the Athenaeum at Stoke, and others are in the Museum of Practical Geology, London.

applicable to services and other descriptions of goods as to tiles; and these two enterprising men produced many fine examples of their art, some of which, bearing their names as engravers or enamellers, are still in existence. Josiah Wedgwood, always alive to everything which could tend to improve or render more commercial the productions of his manufactory, although at first opposed to the introduction of this invention, as being, in his opinion, an unsatisfactory and unprofitable substitute for painting, eventually determined to adopt the new style of ornamentation, and arranged with the inventors to decorate such of his Queen's ware as it would be applicable to, by their process.

The work was a troublesome one, and in the then state of the roads—for it must be remembered that this was before the time even of canals in the district, much less of railroads—the communication between Burslem and Liverpool was one of great difficulty. Wedgwood, however, overcame it, and having made the plain body at his works, packed it in waggons and carts, and, I believe, even in the panniers of pack-horses, and sent it to Liverpool, where it was printed by Sadler and Green, and returned to him by the same conveyance to be, in most cases, finished in his own works.

Specimens of these early printed goods, bearing Wedgwood's mark, are rare. I select, as an example, a curious tea-pot, in the possession of Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A., which is highly characteristic and interesting.*

The tea-pot bears on one side a remarkably well engraved, and sharply printed, representation of the quaint subject of the mill to grind old people young again—the kind of curious machine which one recollects in one's boyish days were taken about from fair to fair by strolling mountebanks—and on the other an oval border of foliage,



containing the ballad belonging to the subject, called "The Miller's Maid grinding Old Men Young again." It begins—

"Come old, decrepid, lame, or blind,
Into my mill to take a grind."

The tea-pot, which is an excellent specimen of black-printing, is marked WEDGWOOD. In the same superb collection of Wedgwood ware are also other examples of "Queen's Ware," among which are some plates with flowers painted in red, in simple and pure taste, and true to nature; a centre and sides with fine figures; and a remarkably elegant and beautifully potted whey jug and cover, formerly in my own collection. In my own possession are also, among other pieces of early Queen's ware, some marked plates which fit with the mechanical nicety so well pointed out by Mr. Gladstone, and a saucer of a pure cream colour, ornamented with a simple green border of foliage between rich red lines. This saucer bears the impressed mark WEDGWOOD, not at the bottom, but on its side.

The centre and side pieces to which I have just alluded, in Mr. Hall's possession, are among the choicest examples now existing of Wedgwood's Queen's ware. The baskets are beautifully perforated, and are each supported by three exquisite figures on bases. They are of large size, and must have been among the best and most costly productions of the works. One of the pieces is engraved on the next page.

* Obtained for Mr. Hall by Mr. Marks, a dealer in Sloane Street.

The manufacture of Queen's ware, as I have said, soon became general throughout the district, and numerous manufactories sprang up around the great centre, Wedgwood, ready to adopt whatever improvements by his great skill and



his indomitable perseverance he should from time to time make, and to build their fortunes on the results of his labours. The consequence was that, as we have seen he said, there were one hundred manufactories of Queen's ware instead of one, and ten thousand workmen employed instead of one hundred. At this time Wedgwood bestirred himself to have the roads improved and made more passable for wares; but in this he was met by a strong opposition from the potters, who thought that if the roads were made more passable, their trade would be carried away, and ruin would await them! The roads, however, were mended, and the trade of the district has gone on increasing ever since.

In the "Burslem Dialogue," to which I have on a former occasion referred, the following amusing allusion to the state of the roads, and to Wedgwood's plan of sending his Queen's ware to Liverpool to be printed, occurs, and I cannot refrain from giving it as a fitting close to this chapter:—

"L.—O'id summat t' doo t' get dahn t' L'pool w' eawr caart, at th' teyme as oi fust tayd Mester 'Siah Wedgut's wheit ware for t' be printed theer. Yu known as hae ther wur noo black printin' on ware dun i' Boslem i' thoos deys.

"T.—Oi remember 't varry weel. Oi s'pose as 'Siah wur abaht th' same age as thiseln, Rafy, wur he no'?

"L.—Ya, oi rek'n he wur tew year yunker til me.

"T.—When he started i' bizness fust, he made spewnes, knife hondles, an' smaw crocks, at th' Ivy hahs, close to where we're nah sittin'.

"L.—Aye, oi weel remember th' toyme; an' arter that he fitted to th' Bell Workhus, wheer he put up th' bell-coney for t' ring th' men to ther work isted o' blowin' em together w' a hurn. 'Twur a pity he e'er left Boslum, for he wur th' cob o' th' Wedguts."

Having traced the progress of his works, and followed the career of this remarkable man, through another decade of his useful life, I must now close my chapter, reserving for my next the important period down to the time of the building of Etruria.*

* To be continued.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS BIRCHALL, ESQ.,
RIBBLETON HALL, PRESTON.

PUCK AND THE FAIRIES.

R. Dadd, Painter. G. Lizars, Engraver.

A MOST sad interest is associated with this picture, almost the last exhibited work of an artist still living, though long dead to the world—of one who gave abundant promise of reaching a place among the foremost ideal painters of his age, till his brain, "too finely wrought," gave way, and in an hour of mental aberration he committed a deed which, nearly twenty-one years ago, consigned him for life to a lunatic asylum, where he yet remains, well in bodily health, and occupying himself in painting strange but most clever pictures, the results of a mind yet a prey to the direst malady to which human nature is subjected.

Richard Dadd was only twenty-six years of age when this sad event occurred. He was born at Chatham in 1817, and at an early age entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he gained three medals; was noted for his attention and diligence, and won the esteem of all by his sweetness of disposition, gentleness, vivacity, and modesty. His first picture of importance, 'Alfred the Great in the disguise of a Peasant reflecting on the Misfortunes of his Country,' was exhibited at the Academy in 1840; it was followed in the year following, at the same gallery, by 'Titania Sleeping,' and in 1842, by 'Come unto these Yellow Sands.' His 'Don Quixote' was exhibited at the gallery in Suffolk Street, in 1840, and 'Puck and the Fairies,' at the same place, in 1841; but his principal work, or rather series of works, consists of about one hundred studies, executed for Lord Foley, illustrative of Byron's 'Manfred' and Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

In the spring of 1842, he undertook, at the request of his friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, who was then engaged upon his "Book of British Ballads," to illustrate the ballad of "Robin Goodfellow." These designs show the brilliancy of the artist's fancy, no less than his skill with the pencil.

Late in the summer of the same year, Dadd left England for Egypt, in the company of Sir Thomas Phillips, who had recently been knighted for his gallantry in quelling an outbreak of the Monmouthshire miners, and to whom he had been introduced by his friend Mr. David Roberts, R.A. The burning heat of the East, where he had a sun-stroke, is supposed to have laid the foundation of his future malady; at all events, he abruptly quitted his companion and returned home, without assigning any reason for such strange conduct. On his arrival in England, he recommenced work, and painted a picture of 'Arabs,' a production of singular merit, which was exhibited in Liverpool, and he also sent a cartoon to the Westminster Hall exhibition. This latter performance undoubtedly bore evidence of a disordered mind. Two or three months later he was an inmate of the asylum which has become his habitation. "No living artist," says one who wrote of him at the time of his incarceration, "possessed a more vivid or delicate imagination; and there is no doubt that the excess of this quality predisposes to the disease which has triumphed over him."

In none of his works is this "vivid imagination" more apparent than in the picture here engraved. A composition most poetic and beautiful, in colour excellent, in drawing fine and correct, it goes far to realise one of the most marvellous creations of the immortal dramatist: and yet we seem to discover in it, as well as in his other fairy scenes, some indications of that peculiarity of mind which resulted in his melancholy fate: the playful imagination is almost in league with the absurd. Was the dark future shadowed forth in the group of pigmies sporting thus wildly and joyously in the silver moonlight? how strangely fanciful are they in their groupings and merry antics, and what an undefined humour is there in the face of the mischief-loving Puck!

This picture is in the extensive and valuable collection of Thomas Birchall, Esq., of Preston, who has courteously permitted us to engrave it, as well as others now in progress.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

It cannot be said of William Mulready, as of many other men after a life of more than three quarters of a century, that his business with the world was done, and that he only then waited to be gathered to his rest. He was not one of those whose friends, with valedictory blessings, affectionately commend them to the grave. In his case friends would have voted him to a longer life of labour, and labour to the end. When it is said of an artist, that at an age nearer ninety than seventy, his works possessed at least as much of those qualities for which men strive, and many hopelessly, in the vigour of their days—the man of whom this is said must be eminently conspicuous among his fellows. That is, however, but a small part of what must be said of Mulready. When this exhibition at Kensington is spoken of, and it is known that Mulready was a painter for more than sixty years, the public will expect a great show and a long catalogue; but there is neither the one nor the other—that is to say, as to quantity there will be disappointment, for of the pictures and studies in oil there are only one hundred and thirteen; but to these there is an important addition in sketches and figure drawings, without which the exhibition had been incomplete, for his figure studies are as much a part of himself as were his pictures.

The first picture by the latter of which there is record, was painted and exhibited at the Academy in 1804; it is 'A Crypt in Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire,' and these were the days of the asphaltum frenzy—it is consequently cracked all over. It is a dull essay enough; there is nothing to be said in favour of Mulready's precocity. Some of the pictures painted in 1804 and 1805 cannot be traced; it is better that it should be so with early than later works. He must have been within a little of devoting himself to landscape and street scenery, and it is difficult to understand how he escaped this, considering the mastery of such works as 'Hamstead Heath,' 'A View in St. Alban's,' 'Old Houses in Lambeth,' 'Landscape, with Carts and Figures,' 'An Old Gable,' 'Horses Baiting,' 'Road-side Inn,' 'The Mall—Kensington Gravel Pits,' and others of the same kind. On looking at these works, it must not be forgotten that they assert principles widely different from those which governed the practice of the men of that time.

In landscape and commonplace subjects, Gainsborough, Wilson, Morland, and a few other colourists and executants, had a large following, who were ready to pronounce as an insolence—nay, a heresy—the careful finish of these works. But Mulready became one of a small circle, bound by a common principle, and set up as a Jupiter Tonans on his own account. Of this small fraternity John Varley was one, Callcott was another, Linnell, perhaps later, was a third. Such essays were startling, but they were regarded with indulgence and compassion by the advocates of routine in painting, who consoled themselves with thanks to heaven that they were not as some other men were. Seeing that the pictures above-mentioned show so much of the perfection of Art, it is marvellous that, with so great power, Mulready should have escaped such a fascination, for at this time he gave no promise of figure-painting in any like degree; as instance 'Old Kaspar,' a subject from Southey's *Battle of Blenheim*; and 'The Rattle'—a boy showing a rattle to a child. It is not until 1809 that he shows himself as serious in figure-painting



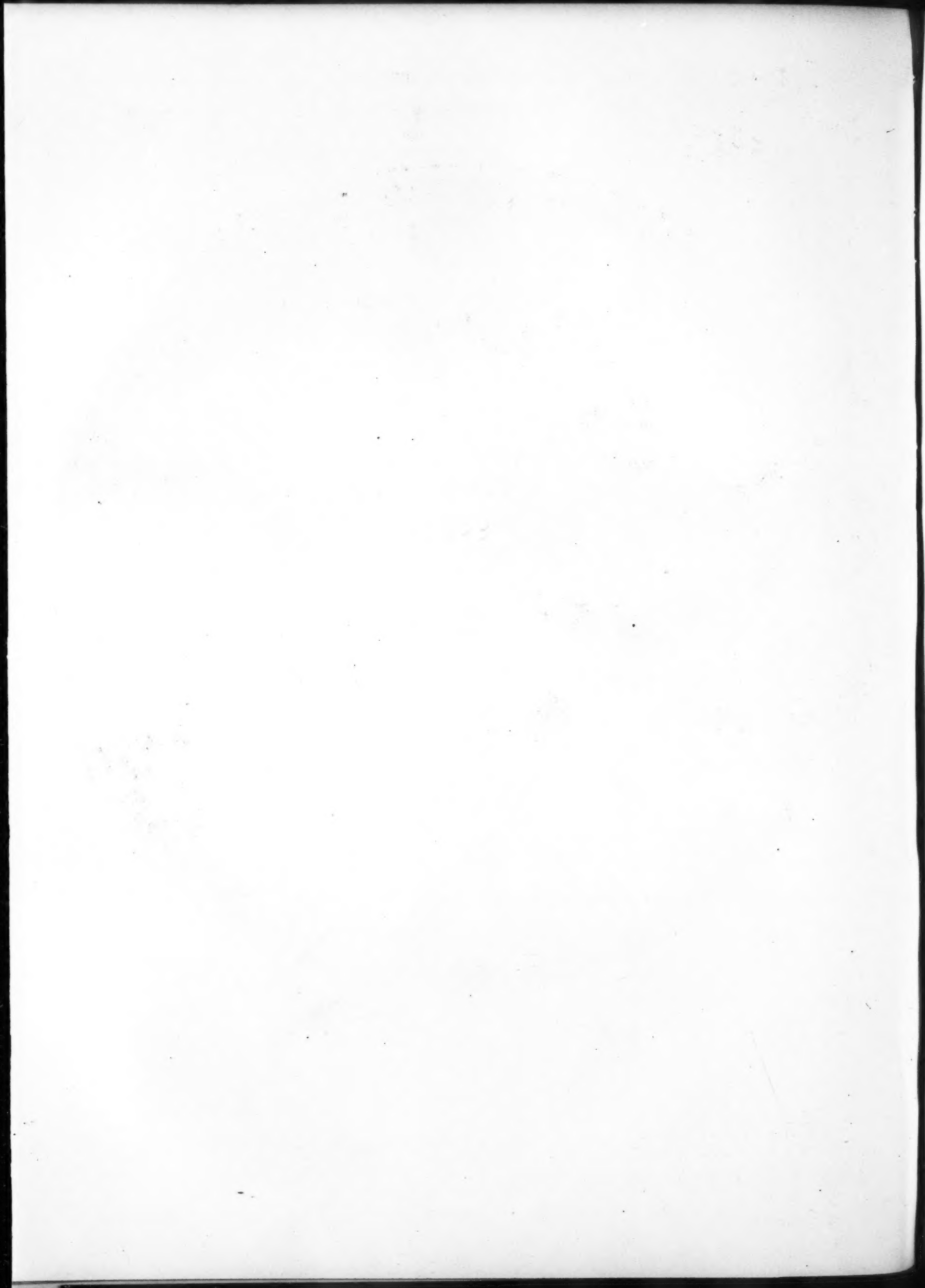
R. DADD, PINX

W. M. LIZARS, SCULPT

PUCK AND THE FAIRIES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR BIRCHALL, PRESTON.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



as he had been in landscape. He then painted 'The Carpenter's Shop,' 'The Music Lesson,' and 'Returning from the Alehouse,' the picture known as 'Fair Time' in the Vernon collection, to which the present background was painted in 1840; but he must then have worked on the figures also in a manner to separate the entire composition from his early figure subjects. With some alterations which he might deem necessary, the head of the carpenter seems to be a study from himself, and the carpenter's wife appears to have been painted from his own wife, the sister of John Varley. In 'The Music Lesson,' the professor is, as we are told, a portrait of the painter. In both these pictures, the source of inspiration is the Dutch school, the end of the study being a multifarious composition very minutely painted, but, in comparison with subsequent pictures, opaque and colourless. These were followed by nine or ten pictures less important and more readily painted, presenting a variety of subject-matter, but the best still being scraps of outdoor material; and in these, insignificant though the subjects be, the uniformity of excellence is remarkable.

The next picture intended as important by the artist, is 'The Barber's Shop,' which was exhibited at the Academy in 1811. It shows traces of that overpowering colour in which Mulready, beyond all other men, was a voluptuary; before which, in 'The Wedding Gown' and 'The Controversy,' the observer's first impulse is to shade the eyes, the next to stand uncovered. And thus we see in successive efforts his advance to the summer of his strength, and the splendours of his autumn, amid which his sun went down; for though an old man, he had never felt the chill of that winter which paralyses the powers of others. From first to last he was a modest inquirer, a humble disciple of nature, eliminating for himself without obligation to any man. For the materials of his pictures he is more indebted to his observation than his imagination. The leading point in his fancy subjects is generally some incident that he may have seen, and his narrative is close, terse, and devoid of ornament. Had he been goaded forward by a teeming imagination, he would not have been so great a painter. While embodying one subject, the twenty others that might have been struggling in his mind for utterance would be impatient of justice being done to it. Concentration on one subject, to the temporary exclusion of all others, becomes an enthusiasm whence arise the most valuable results. Mulready was a slow painter, but even though slow, he might, under stress of subject-matter, have been a more fertile producer, but in such case the works so thrown off would have been in nowise comparable with those which he has so effectively elaborated. He seems to have devoted the greater part of 1812 to 'Punch,' the most important of his pictures up to this time. In this he has yielded to some outside influence, at least he has stepped aside from the path he marked out for himself, and which in his figure pictures is so definite from the beginning to the end. If the local breadth and the grey trees in 'Punch' do not speak of Calcott, they do not recall Mulready, for the picture is deficient in that force and colour which were combined in the feeling of the latter. Although standing far above vapid generalisation, or as the artist himself designated it in his late evidence, "that emptiness called breadth," it is without those appetising gradations and oppositions wherein it was the nature of this painter to conceive his compositions. The background, which looks like a village made out of material selected about Kensington or Hammersmith, would, like many more of these backgrounds, form a picture of itself.

His portrait of Miss Swinburne, as do all his portraits, comes up to the legal axiom, that truth is libellous. In portraiture he has insisted on seeing too much, and on telling all he has seen. He has spurned the rule of safety, which prescribes the placing of young people near, and those past the meridian of life at a distance. After 'Punch,' he painted, in 1813 and 1814, 'Boys Fishing,' 'An Ass,' and a miniature portrait of 'John Varley.' In 1815 came forth 'Idle Boys,' a schoolroom scene, in which boys are being punished; and in the same year, 'The Fight Interrupted,' a picture in which he shows more clearly than in any antecedent work, the ends he has sought to achieve, and which he has so steadily kept in view during the best part of his long life. In most of his compositions up to this time we see too clearly the purposes answered by the introduction of this or that object, but in this picture everything falls into and maintains its place in the most natural way possible. It is here also that we feel more than heretofore the intensity of transparent colour, the use of which he extended to every accessory in his pictures.

The great reputation which Mulready made was won by the works that appeared after this time. He was elected an Academician in 1816, and his diploma picture is called 'The Village Buffoon;' then came 'The Dog of two minds,' 1817; 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' 1820; 'The Convalescent from Waterloo,' 1822. It will be observed that the most celebrated works only are noted, the intervals are filled up by many less famous productions. 'The Travelling Druggist' was painted in 1825; 'The Interior of an English Cottage,' 1828; 'A Sailing Match,' 1831; 'Giving a Bite,' 1834; 'The Last in,' 1835; 'The Toy Seller,' 1835; 'The Seven Ages,' 1837; 'The Sonnet,' 1839; 'Crossing the Ford,' 1842; 'First Love,' 1839; 'Fair Time,' 1840; 'The Whistonian Controversy,' 1844; 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' 'Haymaking,' 1847; 'The Butt,' 1848, &c.; and in these works we see colour, finish, and expression, in such combination as we rarely find elsewhere. With respect to colour alone we know of no similar instances approaching the splendours of 'The Wedding Gown,' and 'The Whistonian Controversy.' Few men have ever been so true to themselves as Mulready. His sphere, like that of very many others, has been limited; but he has understood this, and unlike others, has not shown himself beyond his proper limits. Mulready carried, and he could not help it, the same finish into his large pictures with which he worked out his small ones, and the result is unsatisfactory. With the exception of his scenes from 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the few subjects he has treated from other sources are failures in comparison with those which he himself has conceived or adopted from observation. 'The Seven Ages' has not been understood, nor so genially felt, as 'The Butt'; it is far below the standard of his pictures from 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' With respect to his drawings from the nude, of which there is a room full, we know of nothing by any man living like them; and at these he worked until within, we believe, a short period of his decease; but from the beginning to the end he has been a student, and the man who will be persuaded that he has still something to learn will increase his reputation to the end. When Mulready was giving evidence before the commission appointed to hear evidence with regard to the claims of the Royal Academy, he was asked if he drew when presiding in the life-school; his reply was that he drew as if competing for a prize: and this earnestness it is that has won for him an imperishable renown.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN.

The subject of the following notice was born at Dalmarnock, near Glasgow, on the 6th of June, 1777, and was consequently in the 87th year of his age at the time of his decease. He was the fourth son of Thomas Buchanan, of Ardoch, the representative of an old Dumbartonshire family. His elder brother, John, sat in parliament for that county during the ministry of Lord Liverpool.

In the year 1803 Mr. Buchanan married the Hon. Elizabeth Anne Murray, daughter of Alexander, seventh Lord Elibank, by whom he had several children. One daughter survives him.

Mr. Buchanan was originally intended for the profession of the law, for which he prepared himself in Edinburgh, and in due time passed Writer to the Signet. Circumstances, however, induced him to alter his views, and he removed to London, where he resided for upwards of half a century, devoting himself to the promotion of the Fine Arts. For these he had from an early period of his life manifested a strong predilection, and possessing, as he did, an accurate taste and correct judgment, he soon became known as a distinguished connoisseur, and was much consulted by noblemen and gentlemen who were desirous of possessing works of the great masters; and not a few of the finest collections in the country were formed or enlarged under his opinion and advice.

Shortly after the commencement of the present century, when Italy was invaded and overrun by the troops of Napoleon, the insecurity of property in that country compelled many princes and nobles of its different states to dispose of those treasured objects of Art which had constituted the pride and glory of their palaces. Stimulated by a desire of securing for England works of a high class, for the acquirement of which an opportunity now presented itself, Mr. Buchanan, then a very young man, commenced through the agency of his friend, Mr. James Irvine, of Rome, a series of purchases in Italy; and he succeeded, under many obstacles, in obtaining numerous works of very high importance, which in course of time became spread over the principal collections of this country. Among the pictures so acquired may be enumerated four very important examples by Rubens, namely—'A Triumphant Procession,' and two magnificent landscapes from the Balbi Palace of Genoa; also a large composition from the Doria Palace, long known under the name of 'The Family of Rubens,' but which, on its arrival in England, was recognised as the celebrated picture presented by Rubens himself to Charles I., on the occasion of his visiting England as envoy from Spain to re-establish a peace between those countries.

Mr. Buchanan continued to prosecute his researches in Italy for several years with considerable success, and was fortunate in securing, amongst other works of note, the celebrated and splendid *chef-d'œuvre* of Titian, designated by Ridolfi 'The Triumph of Bacchus,' but known here as the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' and now forming the gem of the National Gallery. This *capo d'opere* was purchased in Rome in the year 1806, for the special account and risk of Mr. Buchanan, as no one else would join him in so hazardous an adventure, involving, as it did, the chance of confiscation of the property itself, as well as other serious consequences, it being one of those objects the exportation of which from the Papal States was strictly interdicted under heavy penalties. After a concealment, however, of several years, it at length eluded the vigilance of those who searched for it, and safely reached its destination.

A picture of so much celebrity was, on its arrival in London, hailed with enthusiasm by the *cognoscenti* as a splendid trophy of Art, boldly acquired under dangerous and difficult circumstances, and for some weeks Mr. Buchanan's rooms were crowded by artists and amateurs eager to welcome this treasure.

At the breaking out of the Spanish war, in 1807, Mr. Buchanan employed Mr. George Wallis, an eminent artist and excellent connoisseur, to proceed to Spain with the view of obtaining

some of the fine works of Murillo and Velasquez, which he was informed might at that period be procurable under circumstances similar to those which had previously existed in Italy; and he furnished that gentleman with credits on Spain, and Portugal to enable him to effect that object. In the execution of this commission Mr. Wallis encountered formidable difficulties, but by dint of indomitable courage and perseverance he secured for England several of the finest works of Murillo, Velasquez, Navarette, known as el Mudo, Zurbarán, &c., that ever reached these shores. Mr. Wallis returned to England in 1813, bringing along with him the results of his purchases on Mr. Buchanan's account, comprising pictures of a superlative class, and such as are rarely to be met with in the world of Art.

When a general peace was established throughout Europe, Mr. Buchanan visited France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Germany, in the first three of which countries he made important purchases, especially the very select collection of M. De Talleyrand, which consisted of examples of the finest quality of the Flemish and Dutch schools—now chiefly in the gallery of Lord Ashburton—and a few years afterwards he acquired the well-known collection of Count Mowelle de Vindé, which in like manner with that of M. De Talleyrand was transmitted to London.

In the month of April, 1823, Mr. Buchanan, who was then residing in Paris, was consulted by Mareschal Soult, Duc of Dalmatia, as to the disposal of his magnificent collection of pictures, principally by Spanish masters, and which the mareschal wished to part with *en bloc*. As the collection contained over a hundred pictures, Mr. Buchanan explained to M. Soult the impracticability of effecting such a sale, but suggested that if he were allowed to make a selection of such works as he thought would suit the English taste, it was highly probable the trustees of the National Gallery would become the purchasers. After some hesitation and reluctance to break up his collection, he agreed to the suggestion of Mr. Buchanan, who, at his request walked round the rooms and handed to the Mareschal a note of eleven pictures which appeared to be well adapted to the object in view. M. Soult then took a sheet of paper, on which he copied over the list, affixing a value to each of the selected pictures. In doing so he seemed greatly excited, saying, "Ma foi, Monsieur! vous avez choisi les perles de ma collection, ces Tableaux là valent bien un Province!" He, however, ultimately empowered Mr. Buchanan to make the offer on the terms stated.

The offer was accordingly without loss of time transmitted to the proper quarter. *It was rejected!* and thus an opportunity of securing for this country the cream of the collection was lost. It may be here mentioned that one of the "eleven" pictures was the 'Immaculate Conception,' now the principal attraction in the Louvre. It was valued in Mareschal Soult's note above mentioned at 250,000 francs, and was, after his death, purchased by the French government at much more than double that sum.

Ever ready to promote any undertaking that might have for its object a diffusion of taste for the Fine Arts, Mr. Buchanan projected and carried out to some extent the publication of a work of engravings, which should contain select examples of the great masters in the several schools of painting. For this work he enlisted the services of the principal line engravers of the day, and the 'Dead Christ and Maries,' from the *burin* of Sharpe, after the well-known picture, by Annibale Caracci, in the collection of the Earl of Carlisle, at Castle Howard; the 'Charles the First,' taken in three different points of view, also by Sharpe, after Vandyke; the 'Titian's Schoolmaster,' after Moroni, by Fittler; together with other beautiful productions of the same class, gave good promise of what the work itself would have been had it met with due encouragement; but this it did not receive, and it was consequently discontinued after a heavy disbursement had been incurred.

In the year 1824, Mr. Buchanan published his "Memoirs of Painting," which had a ready sale, and has been always considered by *vertuosi* a classical handbook of Art. For several years he was engaged in collecting materials for bringing down this work to the present time, but the un-

fortunate failure of his eyesight interrupted the progress of his labour, and the volume remains in an unfinished state. He expired at Glasgow on the 19th of January, cherishing the recollection of his favourite pursuit to the last.

RICHARD ROBERTS.

Associated, as our Journal is, with the industrial arts of the country, scarcely less than it is with the Fine Arts, we are not stepping out of our province in recording the recent death of Mr. Richard Roberts, one of the greatest inventors of machinery our age has produced; "the informing spirit," as one of his biographers writes of him, of the wide-famed firm of Sharp, Roberts and Co., of Manchester. He was born near Oswestry, in 1789, and commenced life in Manchester as a pattern-maker to a millwright. In 1814 he came to London, and got employed in the workshops of Messrs. Maudslay, the engineers. Three years afterwards he returned to Manchester, and was engaged in the construction of machine tools of various kinds, in which he introduced many great improvements. His knowledge and inventive powers attracted the notice of Mr. Sharp, who offered Roberts a share in his business, and the latter became a partner in the firm, where he found a wide field for his ingenuity. Here was produced the self-acting mule so extensively employed by the cotton-spinners, and almost every species of mechanism, from the marine engine to the railway-ticket press and the sewing machine. When railways came into operation, the Atlas Works of Messrs. Sharp, Roberts and Co. became one of the largest factories in the kingdom for locomotives; of these no fewer than fifteen hundred have been constructed there. Afterwards Mr. Roberts turned his attention to turret clocks, and devised the original system now employed by Dent. When the Conway bridge, with its millions of rivets, was about to be built, he invented a machine, somewhat similar to the Jacquard loom, for punching accurately the holes in the plates; this machine has also been used in the construction of the Boyne viaduct, the Victoria bridge at Montreal, and the Jumna bridge in India.

The next matter to which this eminent mechanist directed his attention was steam-ships. "Departing from all existing practice, he adopted two side keels instead of the usual central one, and applied two screw propellers, one on each side, with separate engines, thus enabling vessels to turn round in their own length by setting the screws to work in opposite directions. This proposition, announced in 1852, has become an acknowledged fact only in 1864." We believe that in this invention Mr. Roberts was associated with Captain T. E. Symonds, R.N., who read a paper on the subject last year at the Institution of Naval Architects.

After some years' duration, the partnership in the Atlas Works was dissolved, and Mr. Roberts started a new establishment with Mr. Fothergill; but it appears, from some unexplained cause, not to have answered, and the former gentleman settled in London, and practised as a consulting engineer; for, like the majority of great inventors and discoverers, he gained but little except honours by the result of his labours; others reaped the rich harvest he sowed. Whatever property he acquired was spent in the pursuit of new inventions; and thus, at the advanced age of seventy-five years, he was laid in the grave, leaving unprovided for an only daughter whose filial care tended, in no small degree, to prolong his life. We understand that it is intended to open a subscription for the benefit of this lady; such a project would, of course, be largely responded to, especially by the classes enriched by Mr. Roberts's genius and industry.

ALEXANDER CALAME.

This artist, one of the most distinguished landscape-painters of the Continent, died recently, at Mentone, of consumption. He studied under F. Diday, and raised himself from a low position to one of independence and great honour. His works, which are not unknown here, bear considerable resemblance to those of Ruysdael. Calame was a Swiss, and lived at Geneva.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The recent sale of the unfinished pictures and the sketches of the late Eugene Delacroix astonished even the most ardent admirers of this artist; small canvases, for which he would have asked 200 francs, realising six times that sum. The entire sale brought nearly 370,000 francs, or about £14,800. —A very important step in the way of artistic education has been taken by M. Nieuwerkerke, the Imperial Superintendent of the Fine Arts. The gallery in the Louvre, in which the Sauvageot collection was recently placed, has been converted into a studio, where artists and amateurs will be admitted shortly to sketch the vases, jewelled cups, bronzes, and other works of Art belonging to the various collections in the museum, under the superintendence of an officer of the establishment.—M. Hermin, lately deceased, has bequeathed to the Imperial Library a magnificent collection of engravings and sketches relative to the history of France. It fills a hundred portfolios, and includes 20,000 engravings, many of them of great rarity. Amongst other curiosities are five hundred of the rare illustrated almanacks of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some of them dating from the time of Henry IV.—The Permanent Exhibition, which was spoken of some months ago in our columns, is reported to have proved a failure before it was opened, and has been offered for sale for £90,000.

BERLIN.—A National Gallery is to be erected in this city, near to the new Museum: plans are prepared, and they have received the sanction of the King of Prussia.

LYONS.—We are informed that the city of Lyons has recently opened an Industrial Museum in the new *Palais du Commerce*. It includes every description of looms and machinery employed in silk manufacture, and a very complete collection of the various productions of the loom; such an institution is calculated to be of great benefit in the development of the taste and inventive genius of the silk manufacturers of that city. Lyons loses no opportunity to foster its great staple trade, and its schools of design are probably the most complete in existence. The director of the ladies' school of design, Mlle. Alliod, has recently introduced, with the greatest success, a new method of *designing from memory*, which is said to have produced the most useful results. This system consists in submitting various models to the students, and after a given time allowed for inspection, they are required to reproduce the model from memory. Although all design is, in fact, an effort of memory, yet we believe this is the first attempt to obtain systematic results from memory alone, and we have no doubt it must give great facility in the art of reproduction, and particularly as applied to silk manufactures. If a similar plan were introduced into our own schools, it would greatly assist in furnishing the minds of our artists with materials for the ever-varying combinations of form and colour, and which, when applied to manufactures, constitute the multifarious inventions of novelty and taste; and the undoubted progress of Art education in all classes more than ever requires that the material productions of our various manufactures should be accompanied and improved by the application of the highest artistic skill obtainable.

ROME.—The following paragraph is copied from *Galignani's Messenger*:—"Much attention has been lately awakened in Rome by a portrait of our Saviour, which is fully described as authentic. It is copied from a cameo, which bears the following inscription:—'Executed by order of the Emperor Tiberius, and given by the Sultan of Turkey to Pope Innocent VIII., in ransom of his brother Zozim, then a captive in the hands of the Christians.' The portrait has been copied by M. Van Clef, a sculptor of Paris, and from its presumed genuine likeness, and the circumstances establishing the authenticity of the cameo, has created great interest in the religious and artistic world."

AJACCIO.—A monument is being erected in this Corsican town, to commemorate, at the same time, the Buonaparte family and the glory of the First Empire. The group is composed of five bronze statues, each six feet high, and representing Napoleon I. and his four brothers. The emperor is on horseback, in Roman costume, and behind him stand the others. The whole group will be placed on a pedestal of white marble, in the rear of which a triumphal arch with three openings is to be erected.

NAPLES.—Recent explorations at Pompeii have brought to light five new rooms between the Via Abundantie and the Via Augusti, not far from the Forum. These rooms are stated to be highly interesting.

A WALK IN SOUTH WALES.

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRKET FOSTER.

FASHION seems often to have strange ideas about proprieties, especially when she inverts the natural order of things by turning night into day, or alluring the world into the crowded city when there is everything beyond to attract us away from it. Here, in this month of May, the pleasantest, the most cheerful, the most enjoyable of all the months in regions "far from the busy haunts of men," everybody flocks into London to hold high festival, for the "season" has commenced in right earnest. The opera, the theatre, the concert room, Exeter Hall with its vast gatherings of those who seek the spiritual and moral welfare of their fellows, the picture-galleries—every place where there is anything to be seen, or heard, or supported, has its daily or nightly crowd of visitors. None, or only few, care to quit town at this period of the year; and even the artist, though his pencil is laid by for a time, and the labours of the past autumn and winter are before the public in Trafalgar Square or elsewhere,—tarries within the charmed circle of the metropolis till its chief attractions are withdrawn, when he begins to think about work again, and, if a landscape-painter, turns over in his mind where he shall find "fresh fields, and pastures new."

Now, though our invitation is not intended for the artist only—it is a general one—we would especially ask him to accompany us in a few days' ramble through a portion of South Wales; or, in other words, we desire to point out to him a short range of country which tourists rarely visit, and with which, we believe, few artists comparatively are acquainted, as it lies wide of the ordinary route of travellers, but where there is a superabundance of Art-work that will well reward the sketcher by its picturesque beauty and its novelty. It would be absurd to affirm that our landscape-painters have exhausted the treasury of North Wales, but so many and varied have been the demands upon it, that little is left which has not already been seen in pictures on canvas or paper: lake and mountain, river and valley, castle and ruin—Llanberis and Snowdon, the Conway and Capel Curig, Bettws-y-coed and Llangollen, Carnarvon and Pont Aberglaelyn, with numerous other localities of mark, are almost as well known to the *habitués* of our annual picture exhibitions as Pall-Mall and Suffolk Street. Neither are certain parts of Southern Wales made less familiar: who, though he may never have visited them, is not familiar with Tintern and Chepstow, Raglan and Goodrich, Windeliff and the glorious valley of the Wye? places one never wearies to look upon, even as pictures; and yet they seem to monopolise the attention of the artist as if the land elsewhere were all barren.

One probable reason why the north is generally preferred as sketching-ground to the south, is, because, as a rule, the scenery is grander, wilder, and more romantic: rich, luxuriant, and cultivated localities are found in both divisions, as also are landscapes whose character is magnificent in their picturesque beauty, but the south has the far larger proportion of the one, and the north of the other.

Having heard something of the scenery round about the Beacons, in Brecknockshire, the loftiest mountains in South Wales—the highest peak being nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea—we sought opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of what was known only by report, and to form our own opinion of the value of the information given to us. Seated in one of the luxurious carriages of the Great Western railway, which is in connection with the South Wales line, we started for Newport, at the beginning of October last. The artist who takes this route should stop at Stroud for a day or two; the country all round is most picturesque, abounding with beautiful dells, green as emerald, and adorned with magnificent clumps of trees. "The peculiar features of the district," the Boundary Commissioners stated, in their report some years ago, are "the situation of the mills on streams in

deep ravines; the scattered and irregular manner in which the houses are built on the hill-sides; and the contrast between the high land (in many cases either wood or common, with few inhabitants) and the valleys studded with houses and thickly peopled." If he can spare time, he should walk to Cirencester from Stroud, about twelve miles apart, and out of the direct line to Newport. The scenery through the whole length of the distance has no counterpart in Great Britain, or,

indeed, elsewhere, in its peculiarities. It is a continuous valley, through which flows a stream, certainly not a sparkling one, called Stroudwater, or the Frome, and celebrated as possessing superior qualities for dyeing scarlet cloths. From the banks of this stream, at greater or less distances, rise on either side, and almost without intermission, lofty hills varying in height from 100 to 300 feet, or even more, to judge by the eye, and covered with trees or thick brushwood. So



THE BLORENCE, FROM THE MEADOWS, ABERGAVENNY.

perpendicular is sometimes their elevation, that it appears a human foot could scarcely scale them except with difficulty, and yet they are dotted with the white cottages of those employed in the factories, looking as small as dovecots from the road below; while on open patches small flocks of sheep are seen grazing; and, to give variety of colour to the picture, on other spots which have been cleared away, long lines of white, blue, and scarlet cloths, hung out to dry, are stretched amid the green herbage and foliage far above the

traveller's head, like battalions of soldiers waiting the advance of an enemy. To see this under the most favourable aspect, the road should be traversed early on a bright summer's evening, when the descending sun throws long shadows across the narrow valley and midway up the opposite hills, lighting up their crests with burnished gold; and as the way takes frequent curves of considerable sweep, it constantly offers new and varied features in the forms it presents and in the disposition of light and shadow; sometimes one



ABERGAVENNY CASTLE.

side being obscured and sometimes the other partially.

Between Stroud and Newport, the railway line offers many points of picturesque beauty, especially in the vicinity of Gatcombe, Lydney, and Chepstow. The Severn runs almost parallel with it, and shortly after the traveller leaves the latter place, the river, widened to a very considerable breadth, comes into close proximity with the line, which, on the right, is skirted by high banks of

red sandstone, crowned with trees and shrubs. Newport presents but little to interest the artist, still he will find something to attract him in a town which, of late years, has become of much commercial importance. Along the two miles of wharfs and jettys which fringe the western side of the Usk, as far as Pillgwenly, are some capital "bits" of shipping and old buildings; the bridge, on which abut the remains of the old castle, now converted into a brewhouse, but yet most worthy

of attention; and the view from the graveyard of the old church, an elevated spot on the outskirts of the town, a considerable portion of which lies immediately below him, and beyond, a wide stretch of low marsh land skirting the river, that, united now with the Severn, gradually expands till it reaches the Bristol Channel almost, if not quite, within the compass of vision.

Assuming time to be an object, as it was when we went over the ground, the artist should, on quitting Newport, take the South Wales line for Abergavenny, the first town in Brecknockshire he will enter. The distance is about eighteen miles through a delightful tract of country. Seven miles from Newport is Pontypool Road station, in a valley through which runs a brawling stream; on the left rise lofty hills, dotted with houses; and on the right are also hills covered with wood.

The town of Pontypool is about a mile from the station, and is very picturesquely situated in the midst of a populous mining district. In the vicinity is the celebrated Crumlin Viaduct, spanning the beautiful valley of Ebbw; the loftiest of the web-like iron piers is upwards of 200 feet above the ground; and about three miles from Pontypool rises the immense mountain, *Mynydd Maen*, abounding in steep and abrupt declivities. There is material for a fine picture about Nantyderry station, three miles farther on the line; the landscape is well wooded, irregular in character, and is backed on the left by two high peaked mountains. Penpercwm, signifying "The Head of the Beautiful Valley," four miles in advance, is another station, affording, as the name implies, some good work for the pencil.

On alighting at the Abergavenny station one is

Aber, so often found in the etymology of Welsh places, signifies a union or joining together. There is little or nothing in the town itself to arrest the progress or attention of the antiquarian or artist, with the exception of the Castle, one view of which is engraved on the preceding page. It stands on the outskirts of the town, overlooking a valley, with the Usk in its centre. The most ancient portion of the structure dates back to nearly the time of the Conquest. Towards the close of the twelfth century both town and castle were held by William de Breos, a descendant of one of the Conqueror's followers, and a cruel tyrant. In 1196, the men of Gwent—to avenge a terrible outrage committed by De Breos, who invited a number of Welsh chieftains to partake of his hospitality, and then treacherously murdered them—besieged the castle, captured it, killed or took prisoners the whole of the garrison, and destroyed a great part of the Norman's stronghold. The present building is partially inhabited. Our sketch was made from the small private ground near the entrance gateway. A shady, terraced walk, on the opposite side to that seen in the engraving, commands the view which forms the preceding illustration—the Castle-meadows sloping down to the river, which is spanned by a picturesque-looking bridge of several arches; beyond it rises the *Bloreng* or grey-ridge mountain, upwards of 1,700 feet in height, and at no very great distance from the town. The mountain presents a bold outline to the eye, and the slope being gradual, the lower part is under cultivation; the ridge, of which it forms a portion, extends, to the right of our view, far into Brecknockshire.

The Usk, at Abergavenny, is of considerable breadth and depth, and winds gracefully through the valley. Formerly it was famous for salmon and trout, and, under the operation of the new Fisheries' Act will, doubtless, regain its old reputation. Even now some parts of it, higher up, towards and beyond Crickhowel, and also lower down towards the mouth, yield good sport in the season to the fisherman who can bide his time, watching wind and weather. A gentleman with whom we entered into conversation on the subject in the coffee-room of the principal inn, and whom we heard was a native of the town, spoke of some "takes" of salmon that set us longing to cast in a fly; three or four fish, varying from ten to twenty pounds each, would, not unfrequently, fall to his rod in a single morning. Of course we listened with all respect to his recital, complimented his skill, envied his good fortune, and—left him, hoping that it might fall some day to our lot to have such a chance. Travellers and fishermen have often the credit of drawing largely upon the credulity of those who listen to their stories: this brother of the angle may have done all he said; but we did not hear his exploits confirmed by subsequent inquiry as to the fishing in the Usk. There are salmon in the river, and not a few; but they are not commonly captured three and four in a day by a single rod.

About ten miles from Abergavenny, in the wild and secluded vale of Ewias, is Llanthony Abbey, once a celebrated Cistercian priory, but now the property of Walter Savage Landor.

It is a beautiful walk from Abergavenny to Crickhowel, about five miles. On the left hand you have the *Bloreng* ridge, narrowing or widening the valley between it and the road, with the Usk flowing at a short distance from your side; and to the right, the *Sugar-loaf* and other lofty hills sometimes in sight, and sometimes cut off by nearer rising ground, sloping upwards from the ridge of the road, and covered with fine trees and rich underwood, glowing in the autumn sunshine with every imaginable shade of green, brown, red, and yellow. We never saw foliage more diversified in colour than in this locality, except, perhaps, about Windeliff, near Chepstow. Here and there orchards of apple trees, laden at that time with ungathered fruit, fringe the roadside; while pleasant villas peer out from goodly shrubberies and gardens, with an occasional mansion of high degree standing isolated in some well-kept park dotted with noble oaks and elms.

Crickhowel is a small but pretty town, standing on the right bank of the Usk, very close to the river, which, looking upwards from the bridge, is truly picturesque in its windings and the character of the landscape on either side. It



ENTRANCE GATE OF OLAF USK VILLA, CRICKHOWEL.

struck with the beauty of the panoramic view; a glorious valley is that wherein the town stands, with the Usk flowing through the centre, flanked by the *Bloreng* mountain-ridge on the left, and the *Skirrid-fawr*, backed by the purple peak of the *Sugar-loaf*, on the right. A less extensive, but, perhaps, the best view of Abergavenny itself is from the turnpike which stands on somewhat elevated ground on the new road to Hereford. From this point the spectator has before him the whole of the town, a little beyond which rises the *Bloreng* ridge, extending as far as the eye can reach to the right, and a considerable distance to the left, where it appears to turn. On reversing his position another fine and much grander scene presents itself. To the left of the road is a group of three mountains, the *Rholbin*, the *Great Derry*, covered with thick brushwood, and behind them the *Sugar-loaf*—so called from its form—1,852

feet high, gaunt and desolate. On the right of the road is *Skirrid-fawr*, nearly 1,500 feet in height, and at a short distance from it, *Skirrid-fach*, 765 feet high. The former of these two is very irregular in shape, and on the side nearest the road has a large rent in it from the top, which tradition says was made at the time of Christ's crucifixion; hence the mountain has acquired the name of the "Holy Mountain." Centuries ago, a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, stood on the summit; and the writer was told by a resident in the town, that he remembers the time when the Romanists resorted to the spot to carry away a portion of the sacred earth to put into the coffins of their dead.

The town of Abergavenny, supposed to be the site of the Roman *Gobannium*, derives its modern name from the confluence of the river Usk, and a small stream called the Gavenny; the prefix

is a charming "bit" for the painter. In a field on the left, as the traveller enters the town from Abergavenny, is a portion of the old castle, consisting of a square embattled tower, about fifty feet high, covered with ivy. Close to it is a circular mound of considerable height, probably the site of the ancient keep; for on it are the remains of a thick wall, twenty feet or more in height; clumps of lofty trees, like tall sentinels, keep watch and ward over the old ruins, giving to them an agreeable pictorial character. At a very short distance from this spot, in what is called Tower Street, is another architectural fragment, consisting of the base of a circular tower, ivy-crowned, and flanked on each side by a few yards of wall, both tower and walls are pierced by small windows of early English. The date of the castle is uncertain; but it is supposed to have been erected by some of the early Norman settlers as a frontier bulwark against the chieftains of Gwentland. From traces of the foundation which have at times been discovered, it is estimated that the castle-walls once enclosed an area of eight acres, of which the castle itself and the courts occupied rather more than one-third. Crickhowel church is dedicated to St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, to whose honour an annual feast is regularly held, on the Sunday after the 20th of November. The edifice is a picturesque building, in excellent repair; it has a lofty spire, springing from a tower; the external walls, nave, aisles, transepts, and chancel are one mass of bright green ivy. As the church stands on elevated ground, almost out of the town, a fine view is obtained from the western side of the churchyard of the valley of the Usk, with, on the opposite side of the river, the villages of Llanelly and Llangattock; the latter place, in the vicinity of which the Duke of Beaufort has a shooting-box, is celebrated for a great battle, fought on the neighbouring hills of Carno, in 728, between the Saxons and Britons, in which the latter gained a decisive victory. The whole of the scenery on this, the south, side of Crickhowel, is eminently beautiful.

Leaving the town to pursue the journey to Brecon, a fine GATEWAY arrests the attention, standing immediately by the roadside; it forms the entrance-lodge to Glan Usk Villa, the residence of Captain Seymour. Though our engraving shows but the archway, the lodge is a square building, castellated, the ceiling of the arch is groined, and the upper story has a four-light mullioned window. Passing through, a splendid view is presented, as the engraving shows; the large mansion seen beyond the river, is the residence of Sir Joseph Bailey, M.P.; Glan Usk Park, the name it bears, is passed by the traveller about a mile and a half on the Brecon road. Near the small village of Tretower, situated at about three quarters of a mile from Crickhowel, and at right angles with the great high road, is a famous OAK, to which some extraordinary tradition is attached. We made every effort to ascertain the story, but all inquiry among the "oldest inhabitants" of the town proved fruitless. Several had heard something of it, but could tell us nothing definite; and the only person supposed to know its history was unfortunately from home when we called, and thus we were compelled to leave the place ignorant of the legend of the old tree.

From Crickhowel to Brecon is about thirteen miles—with one exception, and that a tolerably long one—over comparatively level ground; only two or three small villages are passed, while the country on the right side of the road presents very different features to those on the opposite side; but everywhere the artist will find much to invite his attention. On his left flows the Usk in graceful windings, sometimes on the same plane as himself, at other times far below him; now hidden from sight, but not unheard; and now breaking forth from some wooded glen, and rushing on till a ridge of lofty hills, or a sudden turn, hides it again from observation. Along the whole course of the river the width of the valley varies considerably; but throughout its length a wall of mountain-land shuts in the landscape on the left bank, though often at a considerable distance from it. Farm-houses and mansions are tolerably numerous, but, as a rule, the farming seems as indifferent as it well can be. A homestead, with two or three stacks of corn or hay

in it, was scarcely to be seen, even in the early part of October. Nothing surprised us more than, when standing on some lofty eminence, and surveying the country all round in every direction, to observe that the land was, generally, under cultivation, even to the sides of mountains which appeared almost inaccessible, and yet how few and far between, and unimportant, were the signs of its fruitfulness. In the pastures, which are nu-

merous, ten or a dozen sheep, or two or three small black oxen, were grazing here and there, and these seemed to be the extent of the stock owned by the Welsh farmer in Brecknockshire. The farms, generally, are small, varying from thirty or forty acres to about a hundred or more, perhaps; the land is not good in many places, and the occupier or owner—for much is freehold—is either too poor to cultivate it properly, or is satisfied with



OLD OAK AT CRICKHOWEL.

what it yields him. The ground is parcelled out into fields of two or three acres each, often less; and these fields are separated from each other by high and wide hedges, causing an enormous waste of land, and keeping the sun and the air from that which is cultivated. Agricultural reform is much needed in this part of the principality.

It was stated just now that one portion of the high road between Crickhowel and Brecon differs

from the rest; and that is in the neighbourhood of Bwlch-yr-allwys, nearly midway between the two towns. Here the road takes a circuit of nearly three miles to reach the top of a lofty hill, which in a straight line would scarcely measure a third of the distance; but the varied views that are opened up with almost every turn of the way are truly magnificent, mountain after mountain rising up out of the hollow glen, and assuming new forms and new combinations of forms as the



AT BRECON.

ascent is made. The top of the hill is level for some little distance, and the slope on the opposite or western side is more gradual and straighter than that by which you ascend from Crickhowel. The forenoon of the day had been bright and warm, but the after part wet. On reaching the crest of the hill to descend, the scene before us was most glorious. Along the wide-spreading valley below, clouds of mist rolled slowly along,

concealing almost every trace of the ground; while the last brilliant rays of the setting sun, breaking forth in red and yellow streaks from the mass of dark sky over head and onwards, lighted up, as with flames of fire, the mountain tops at some distance on the left, and threw into clear and bold outline the gigantic frames of the Brecknock Beacons, eight or nine miles off in an apparent direct line. On the right-hand side,

too, the view, though less extensive, was scarcely less striking. The land is high, much broken, and generally wild, and is shut in, as it were, by a girdle of lofty hills, which encircle, more or less, Llyn Safaddu, the largest lake, we believe, in South Wales, and famous for pike-fishing. In the semi-twilight of that evening, the lake, reflecting the colours of the sunset, presented the appearance of another sun going down in the

horizon beneath a bank of fantastically-shaped clouds.

A long day's travel brought us at length to Brecon, where we sought refreshment and repose at the Castle Hotel, under the care of Mrs. Cummings, the most courteous and intelligent of Welsh landladies. But an undisturbed night's rest it was not our fortune to enjoy; after two or three hours' sleep, a loud rumbling noise, like

which connect it with the most important events of past ages, and surrounded by natural objects of the most sublime and beautiful character."

The day following the night in which the earthquake occurred was as warm and brilliant as if the month had been June instead of October, and we set out to explore the town and its vicinity.

Centuries ago Brecon was a regularly fortified town, surrounded by a wall having ten towers and five gates, and a CASTLE of great strength standing on the site of the hotel to which its name has been given. Almost the only portion that remains of the stronghold is the tower, seen in the engraving: it stands in one corner of the pretty flower-garden attached to the inn, overhanging the little fuming and chafing Honddu, whose turbulent waters roll swiftly down the shelving ground, over and between boulders of rock, till it joins the Usk. There are several bridges over it, like that in the engraving, and all are most picturesquely situated. As the hotel is situated on very elevated ground, the grounds command a fine view; that from the top of the tower, to which the access is easy, is a magnificent panorama. The castle owes its origin to Bernard de Newmarch, a Norman baron, who founded it in the reign of Henry I. It was enlarged and improved by successive owners, and was finally destroyed during the civil war in the time of Charles I. The history of the building is intimately connected with the annals of England, especially during the wars of the Roses, but we have neither time nor space to enter upon it. A portion of the old walls is seen in the grounds of a private residence divided by the high road from the hotel, and in the grounds of another mansion close by, the property and residence of the Marquis Camden, is a fragment of the old Benedictine priory founded by De Newmarch.

About two and a half miles, or three miles, south-west of the town, are the Breconshire Beacons, two contiguous peaks rising 2,550 feet above the level of the Usk; they are seen in the engraving of 'DAVID GAM'S HOUSE,' the house in which that valiant Welsh knight is said to have been born. Sir David raised a body of troops from among his own tenantry, and accompanied Henry V. to Agincourt, where he was slain. These lofty mountains are also known by the appellation of Cadair Arthur, or Arthur's Chair, Welsh traditionary romance assigning the spot as one of the seats of the fabulous hero of that name. From the summit, which may be reached without much fatigue by taking a circuitous route, a prospect of vast extent and variety is obtained. The best view of the Beacons themselves is from the cemetery, which lies on elevated ground north-west of the town. The whole mountainous range, with all their diversified undulations, appears sloping down almost to the banks of the Usk, which here receives the Honddu at nearly a right angle, the two flowing first in separate streams immediately below the feet of the spectator, and then, united, winding its course along the valley till lost to sight. On the left is a close irregular mass of slate-covered roofs, the tower of St. John's church, and the spire of St. Mary's forming conspicuous objects among the houses, which are backed by a bold outline of wooded hills, repeating themselves in broad sweeps as far as the eye can reach.

Brecon, like most other Welsh towns, has few architectural features to attract the sketcher, yet it is not altogether devoid of such subjects; but the scenery all round furnishes abundant matter to supply a well-stocked portfolio. In tracing our progress thither, the object has been far less to offer a topographical or historical account of the localities passed through, than to give an idea of the general aspect of the country, and to show that it is well worth the attention of the artist, not alone for its picturesque beauty, but because it is little known. A week occupied on the ground we have travelled over would be pleasantly and might be profitably spent by the landscape-painter, who, if an angler, as we know many artists are, would be irresistibly induced to vary the work of his pencil by the use of his fishing-rod; the broad, sparkling Usk must as assuredly draw forth the one from its canvas bag, as the majestic scenery rising from the banks of the river would tempt to the diligent application of the other.

J. D.



DAVID GAM'S HOUSE, BRECON

the roll of a heavy luggage train on the railway, roused us from slumber; it was almost immediately followed by a violent oscillation of the bed, which lasted several seconds, and brought forth a *sotto voce* exclamation, addressed to the pillow, "If that's not the shock of an earthquake, it's uncommonly like one." Having thus expressed an opinion, we turned round, and fell asleep again. On entering the coffee-room in the morning, the waiter, who was arranging the breakfast-table,

greeted us with,—"Did you see the earthquake last night, sir?" "Earthquake! you do not mean to say the noise I heard and the shaking I had were caused by an earthquake?" "Oh yes, sir! everybody in the house felt it, and all the town is talking about it; but if it was not that, it must have been some great explosion in the mines of the Black country;" meaning the extensive coal and iron mines in the neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydvil. However, a few hours settled the point,



BRECON CASTLE.

and the harmless earthquake of the night of October 5th, 1863, became a nine days' wonder throughout Great Britain.

A quiet, quaint-looking old town is Brecon, or Brecknock, placed close to the junction of the river Usk and Honddu, the latter, a comparatively small stream, runs through the western part of the town. Sir R. S. Hoare, writing of it many years ago, says:—"Few towns surpass Brecknock in picturesque beauties; the different mills and

bridges of the rivers Usk and Honddu, the ivy-mantled walls and towers of the old castle, the mossy embattled turret and gateway of the priory, with its luxuriant groves, added to the magnificent range of mountain scenery on the south side of town, form, in many points of view, the most beautiful, rich, and varied outline imaginable." A more recent author, Mr. Roscoe, states that—"Brecon is one of the pleasantest towns in the principality, possessing architectural remains

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVI.—Political caricature in its infancy.—The Revers du Jeu des Suisses.—Caricature in France.—The three Orders.—Period of the League; Caricatures against Henri III.—Caricatures against the League.—Caricature in France in the seventeenth century.—General Galas.—The Quarrel of Ambassadors.—Caricature against Louis XIV.; William of Fürstemberg.

It has been already remarked that political caricature, in the modern sense of the word, or even personal caricature, was inconsistent with the state of things in the middle ages, because both required the facility of quick and extensive circulation, until the arts of engraving and printing

became sufficiently developed. The political or satirical song was carried everywhere by the minstrel, but the satirical picture, represented only in some solitary sculpture or illumination, could hardly be finished before it had become useless even in the small sphere of its influence, and then remained for ages a strange figure, with no meaning that could be understood. No sooner, however, was the art of printing introduced, than the importance of political caricature was understood and turned to account. We have seen what a powerful agent it became in the Reformation, which in spirit was no less political than religious; but even before the great religious movement had begun, this agent had been brought into activity. One of the earliest engravings which can be called a caricature—perhaps the oldest of our modern caricatures known—is represented in our cut No. 1, is no doubt French, and belongs to the



Fig. 1.—THE POLITICAL GAME OF CARDS.

year 1499. It is sufficiently explained by the history of the time.

At the date just mentioned, Louis XII. of France, who had been king less than twelve months, was newly married to Anne of Brittany, and had resolved upon an expedition into Italy,

to unite the crown of Naples with that of France. Such an expedition affected many political interests, and Louis had to employ a certain amount of diplomacy with his neighbours, several of whom were strongly opposed to his projects of ambition, and among those who acted most



Fig. 2.—THE THREE ORDERS OF THE STATE.

openly were the Swiss, who were believed to have been secretly supported by England and the Netherlands. Louis, however, overcame their opposition, and obtained a renewal of the alliance which had expired with his predecessor Charles VIII. This temporary difficulty with

the Swiss is the subject of our caricature, the original of which bears the title *Le Revers du Jeu des Suisses* (the defeat of the game of the Swiss). The princes most interested are assembled round a card-table, at which are seated the King of France to the right, opposite him the

Swiss, and in front the Doge of Venice, who was in alliance with the French against Milan. At the moment represented, the King of France is announcing that he has a flush of cards, the Swiss acknowledges the weakness of his hand, and the doge lays down his cards—in fact, Louis XII. has won the game. But the point of the caricature lies principally in the group around. To the extreme right the King of England, Henry VII., distinguished by his three armorial lions, and the King of Spain, are engaged in earnest conversation. Behind the former stands the Infanta Margarete, who is evidently winking at the Swiss to give him information of the state of the cards of his opponents. At her side stands the Duke of Wirtemberg, and just before him the pope, the infamous Alexander VI. (Borgia), who, though in alliance with Louis, is not able, with all his efforts, to read the king's game, and looks on with evident anxiety. Behind the Doge of Venice stands the Italian refugee, Trivulci, an able warrior, devoted to the interests of France; and at the doge's right hand, the emperor, holding in his hands another pack of cards, and apparently exulting in the belief that he has thrown confusion into the King of France's game. In the background to the left are seen the Count Palatine and the Marquis of Montferrat, who also look uncertain about the result; and below the former appears the Duke of Savoy, who was giving assistance to the French designs. The Duke of Lorraine is serving drink to the players, while the Duke of Milan, who was at this time playing rather a double game, is gathering up the cards which have fallen to the ground, in order to make a game for himself. Louis XII. carried his designs into execution; the Duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza, nick-named the Moor, played his cards badly, lost his duchy, and died in prison.

Such is this earliest of political caricatures—and in this case it was purely political—but the question of religion soon began not only to mix itself up with the political question, but almost to absorb it, as we have seen in the review of the history of caricature under the Reformation. Before this period, indeed, political caricature was only an affair between crowned heads, or between kings and their nobles, but the religious agitation had originated a vast social movement, which brought into play popular feelings and passions, which gave caricature a totally new value. Its power was greatest on the middle and lower classes of society, that is, on the people, the *tiers état*, which was now thrown prominently forward. The new social theory is proclaimed in a print, of which a fac-simile will be found in the "Musée de la Caricature," by E. J. Jaime, and which, from the style and costume, appears to be German. The three orders, the church, the lord of the land, and the people, represented respectively by a bishop, a knight, and a cultivator, stand upon the globe in an honourable equality, each receiving direct from heaven the emblems or implements of his duties. To the bishop is delivered his bible, to the husbandman his mattock, and to the knight the sword with which he is to protect and defend the others. This print—see cut No. 2—which bears the title, in Latin, *Quis te prætulit?* (Who chose thee?), belongs probably to the earlier half of the sixteenth century. A painting in the Hôtel de Ville of Aix, in Provence, represents the same subject much more satirically, intending to delineate the three orders as they were, and not as they ought to be. The divine hand is letting down from heaven an immense frame in the form of a heart, in which is a picture representing a king kneeling before the cross, intimating that the civil power was to be subordinate to the ecclesiastical. The three orders are represented by a cardinal, a noble, and a peasant, the latter of whom is bending under the burthen of the heart, the whole of which is thrown upon his shoulders, while the cardinal and the noble, the latter dressed in the fashionable attire of the court minions of the day, are placing one hand to the heart on each side, in a manner which shows that they support none of the weight.

Amid the fierce agitation which fell upon France in this sixteenth century, for a while we find but few traces of the employment of caricature by either party. The religious reformation there was rather aristocratic than popular, and

the reformers sought less to excite the feelings of the multitude, which, indeed, went generally in the contrary direction. There was, moreover, a character of gloom in the religion of Calvin, which contrasted strongly with the joyousness of that of the followers of Luther; and the factions in France sought to slaughter, rather than to laugh at, each other. The few caricatures of this period which are known are very bitter and coarse. As far as I am aware, no early Huguenot caricatures are known, but there are a few directed against the Huguenots. It was, however, with the rise of the League that the taste for political caricature may be said to have taken root in France, and in that country it long continued to flourish more than anywhere else. The first caricatures of the leaguers were directed against the person of the king, Henri de Valois, and possess a brutality almost beyond description. It was now an object to keep up the bitterness of spirit of the fanatical multitude. In one of these, a demon is represented waiting on the king to summon him to a meeting of the "Estates" in hell; and in the distance we see another demon flying away with him. Another relates to the murder of the Guises, in 1588, which the leaguers professed to ascribe to the councils of M. Epemon, one of his favourites, on whom they looked with great hatred. It is entitled, *Soufflement et Conseil diabolique de d'Epemon à Henri de Valois pour saccager les Catholiques*. In the middle of the picture stands the king, and beside him D'Epemon, who is blowing into his ear with a bellows. On the ground before them lie the headless corpses of the "deux frères Catholiques," the Duke of Guise and his brother the cardinal, while the executioner of royal vengeance is holding up their heads by the hair. In the distance is seen the castle of Blois, in which this tragedy took place; and on the left of the picture appear the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Archbishop of Blois, and other friends of the Guises, expressing their horror at the deed. Henri III. was himself murdered in the year following, and the caricatures against him became still more brutal during the period in which the leaguers tried to set up a king of their own in his place. In one caricature, which has more of an emblematical character than most of the others, he is pictured as *Henri le Monstrueux*; and in others, entitled *Les Hermaphrodites*, he is exhibited under forms which point at the infamous vices with which he was charged.

The tide of caricature, however, soon turned in the contrary direction, and the coarse, unprincipled abuse employed by the leaguers found a favourable contrast in the powerful wit and talent of the satirists and caricaturists who now took up pen and pencil in the cause of Henri IV. The former was, on the whole, the more formidable weapon, but the latter represented to some eyes more vividly in picture what had already been done in type. This was the case on both sides; the caricature last mentioned was founded upon a very bitter satirical pamphlet against Henri III., entitled "L'Ile des Hermaphrodites." It is the case also with the first caricatures against the leaguers, which I have to mention. The estates held in Paris by the Duke of Mayenne and the leaguers for the purpose of electing a new king in opposition to Henri of Navarre, were made the subject of the celebrated "Satyre Ménippée," in which the proceedings of these estates were turned to ridicule in the most admirable manner, and which the historians of France declare to have been no less serviceable to Henri's cause than the battle of Ivry itself. Four large editions were sold in less than as many months. Several caricatures arose out of or accompanied this remarkable book. One of these is a rather large print, entitled "La Singerie des Etats de la Ligue, l'an 1593," in which the members of the estates and the leaguers are represented with the heads of monkeys. The central part represents the meeting of the estates, at which the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, the Duke of Mayenne, seated on the throne, presides. Above him is suspended a large portrait of the Infanta of Spain, *L'Espouse de la Ligue*, as she is called in the satire, ready to marry any one whom the estates shall declare king of France. In chairs, on each side of Mayenne, are the two "ladies of honour" of the said future spouse. To the left are seated in a row the celebrated council of sixteen (*les seize*), reduced at

this time to twelve, because the Duke of Mayenne, to check their turbulence, had caused four of them to be hanged. They wear the favours of the future spouse. Opposite to them are the representatives of the three orders, all, we are told, devoted to the service of "the said lady." Before the throne are the two musicians of the League, one described as Phelipottin, the blind performer

on the viel, or hurdy-gurdy, to the League, and his subordinate, the cymbal player, "kept at the expense of the future spouse." These were to entertain the assembly during the pauses between the orations of the various speakers. All this is a satire on the efforts of the King of Spain to establish a monarch of his own choice. On the bench behind the musicians sit the deputies from Lyons,



Fig. 3.—THE ASSEMBLY OF APES.

Poitiers, Orleans, and Rheims, cities where the influence of the League was strong, discussing the question as to who should be king. So much of this picture is represented in our cut No. 3. There are other groups of figures in the representation of the assembly of the estates; and there are two side compartments—that on the left representing a forge, on which the fragments of a broken king are laid to be refounded, and a multitude of apes, with hammers and an anvil, ready to work him into a new king; the other side of the picture represents the circumstances of a then well-known act of tyranny perpetrated by the estates of the League. Another large and well-executed engraving, published at Paris in 1594, immediately after Henri IV. had obtained possession of his capital, also represents the grand procession of the League as described at the commencement of the "Satyre Ménippée," and was intended to hold up to ridicule the warlike temper of the French Catholic clergy. It is entitled, *La Procession de la Ligue*.

Henri's triumph over the League was made the subject of a series of three caricatures, or perhaps, more correctly, of a caricature in three divisions. The first is entitled the *Naissance de la Ligue*, and represents it under the form of a monster with three heads, severally those of a wolf, a fox, and a serpent, issuing from hell-mouth. Under it are the following lines:—

"L'enfer, pour asservir sous ses loix tout le monde,
Vomit ce monstre hideux, fait d'un loup ravisseur,
D'un renard enveillé, et d'un serpent immonde,
Affublé d'un manteau propre à toute couleur."

The second division, the *Declin de la Ligue*, representing its downfall, is copied in our cut No. 4. Henri of Navarre, in the form of a lion, has pounced fiercely upon it, and not too soon, for it had already seized the crown and sceptre. In the distance, the sun of national prosperity is seen rising over the country. The third picture, the *Effets de la Ligue*, represents the destruction of the kingdom and the slaughter of the people, of which the League had been the cause.

The caricatures in France became more numerous during the seventeenth century, but they are either so elaborate or so obscure that each requires almost a dissertation to explain it, and they often relate to questions or events which have little interest for us at the present day. Several rather

spirited ones appeared at the time of the disgrace of the Mareschal d'Ancre and his wife; and the inglorious war with the Netherlands, in 1635, furnished the occasion for others, for the French, as usual, could make merry in their reverses as well as in their successes. The Imperialist general Galas inflicted serious defeat on the French armies, and compelled them to a very disastrous retreat from the countries they had invaded, and they tried to amuse themselves at the expense of their conqueror. Galas was rather remarkable for obesity, and the French caricaturists of the day made this circumstance a subject for their



Fig. 4.—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LEAGUE.

satire. Our cut No. 5 is copied from a print in which the magnitude of the stomach of General Galas is certainly somewhat exaggerated. He is represented, not apparently with any good reason, as puffed up with his own importance, which is evaporating in smoke; and along with the smoke thus issuing from his mouth, he is made to proclaim his greatness in the following rather doggerel verses:—

"Je suis ce grand Galas, autrefois dans l'armée
La gloire de l'Espagne et de mes compagnons;
Maintenant je ne suis qu'un corps plein de fumée,
Pour avoir trop mangé de raves et d'oignons,
Gargantua jamais n'eut une telle pense," &c.

Caricatures in France began to be tolerably abundant during the middle of the seventeenth century, but under the crushing tyranny of Louis XIV., the freedom of the press, in all its forms, ceased to exist, and caricatures relating to France, unless they came from the court party, had to be

published in other countries, especially in Holland. It will be sufficient to give two examples from the reign of Louis XIV. In the year 1661, a dispute arose in London between the ambassador of France, M. D'Estrades, and the Spanish ambassador, the Baron de Batteville, on the question



Fig. 5.—GENERAL GALAS.

of precedence, which was carried so far as to give rise to a tumult in the streets of the English capital. At this very moment, a new Spanish ambassador, the Marquis de Fuentes, was on his way to Paris, but Louis, indignant at Batteville's behaviour in London, sent orders to stop Fuentes on the frontier, and forbid his further advance into his kingdom. The King of Spain disavowed the act of his ambassador in England,

who was recalled, and Fuentes received orders to make an apology to King Louis. This event was made the subject of a rather boasting caricature, the greater portion of which is given in our cut No. 6. It is entitled, *Batteville vient adorer le soleil* (Batteville comes to worship the sun). In the original the sun is seen shining in the upper corner of the picture to the right, and presenting the juvenile face of Louis XIV., but the carica-



Fig. 6.—BATTEVILLE HUMILIATED.

turist appears to have substituted Batteville in the place of Fuentes. Beneath the whole are the following boastful lines:—

"On ne va plus à Rome, on vient de Rome en France,
Mériter le pardon de quelque grande offence.
L'Italie tout entière est soumise à ces loix;
Un Espagnol s'oppose à ce droit de nos rois.
Mais un Français puissant joue des bastonnades,
Et punit l'insolent de ses rodomontades."

From this time there sprung up many caricatures against the Spaniards; but the most ferocious caricature, or rather book of caricatures, of the reign of Louis XIV., came from without, and was directed against the king and his ministers and

courtiers. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes took place in October, 1685, and was preceded and followed by frightful persecutions of the Protestants, which drove away in thousands the earnest, intelligent, and industrious part of the population of France. They carried with them a deep hatred to their oppressors, and sought refuge especially in the countries most hostile to Louis XIV.—England and Holland. The latter country, where they then enjoyed the greatest freedom of action, soon sent forth numerous satirical books and prints against the French king and his ministers, of which the book just alluded to was one of the most remarkable. It

is entitled, *Les Heros de la Ligue, ou la Procession Monacale conduite par Louis XIV. pour la Conversion des Protestans de son Royaume*, and consists of a series of twenty-four most grotesque faces, intended to represent the ministers and courtiers of the "grand roi" most odious to the Calvinists. It must have provoked their wrath exceedingly. I give one example, and, as it is difficult to select, I take the first in the list, which represents William of Fürstemberg, one of the German princes devoted to Louis XIV., who, by



Fig. 7.—WILLIAM OF FÜRSTENBERG.

his intrigues, had forced him into the archbishopric of Cologne, by which he became an elector of the empire. For many reasons William of Fürstemberg was hated by the French Protestants, but it is not quite clear why he is here represented in the character of one of the low merchants of the Halles. Over the picture, in the original, we read, *Guillaume de Fürstemberg, crie, ite, missa est*, and beneath are the four lines:—

"J'ay quitté mon pays pour servir à la France,
Soit par ma trahison, soit par ma lâcheté;
J'ay troublé les états par ma méchanceté,
Une abbaye est ma recompense."

FRESCO PAINTING.

An interesting paper has been read by Mr. J. B. Atkinson, "On Fresco Painting as a suitable mode of Mural Decoration," in the Hall of the Society of Arts, Lord Eleho, M.P., in the chair. The lecturer began by stating the dissolution of the commission under which the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament had been conducted, the abandonment of fresco, and the supersession of the water-glass method. He regretted the failure or abandonment of fresco as a public calamity, which must be extensively felt, observing that it was not until after mature deliberation that fresco was adopted as a means of embellishment for the Houses of Parliament, and that the injury which the paintings have suffered is only partial, and not beyond remedy. There had been failures in the art in Italy as well as in England, but the Italians regarded such miscarriages as so many lessons exhortatory of greater caution. Retouching in secco, that is, working on an underlay of pure fresco, is not desirable, and some of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, having been overworked, both in fresco and secco, are deficient in the luminosity which is one great charm of Italian works. As we have space to glance only at the heads of this paper, we cannot accompany Mr. Atkinson in his description of the differences between oil and fresco painting; but it may be interesting to know that the palette is much more limited in fresco than in oil-painting, and that natural earths alone are to be relied on, as the colours in fresco become embodied with the wet mortar on which they are laid, and hence must be of a constitution sufficiently robust to pass scatheless through the ordeal by lime. Thus from pure fresco only we may look for permanent results; moreover, there is a dignity and nobility in the

art which recommended it as the only one worthy of embellishing the Palace of Westminster. There was accordingly instituted, in 1841, a committee charged with the duty of considering "the promotion of the Fine Arts in this country, in connection with the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament." In accordance with the reports and recommendation of this committee, fresco was adopted, and the same year saw the appointment of the Royal Commission, under whose direction the works were to be conducted. In 1845 the first fresco, the subject of which is the Baptism of Ethelbert, was confided to Mr. Dyce, to be executed in the House of Lords, and the remaining five panels were given to Mr. Maclise, Mr. Cope, and Mr. Horsley, and these five frescoes were finished in the autumn of 1849, and the Commissioners reported thereon, that "the execution of these frescoes appears to us to be highly satisfactory, and to indicate increased skill on the part of the artists in the management of the material." Hence the Commissioners pronounced, firstly, fresco painting to be suitable to mural decoration; secondly, the technicalities of the process to have yielded to the skill of our artists; and thirdly—a gratuitous conclusion—our artists showed themselves qualified to meet the conditions of the, to them, new art. Thus a series of eight frescoes, in what was then called the Poets' Hall, which name has now given place to that of the Upper Waiting Hall, was determined on and executed by Mr. Cope, Mr. Watts, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Armitage. These works were nine years in course of execution; they were finished in 1854, and the Commission reported satisfactorily upon them. The works in the Lords' and Commons' corridors are in progress by Mr. Ward and Mr. Cope, but the water-glass method has been introduced there, whereby the Commission has passed a censure, perhaps unintentionally, on the time-honoured process of fresco. Mr. Atkinson described the ruinous state of the pictures in the Upper Waiting Hall, spoke favourably of the state of other frescoes elsewhere, and considered that our English climate offers no impediment to the durability of fresco. It is to be regretted that so little is actually known of the causes of this decay, for the Commission appointed in 1862, under the direction of the Board of Works, to inquire into the condition of the frescoes, elicited no satisfactory information on the subject, and, if we remember rightly, separated without making any report. The Royal Commission being dissolved, it might not be unbecoming in the Society of Arts to come to the rescue. The publication of a "Handbook of Mural Painting" might with great advantage be brought forward at the present time. Mr. Atkinson concluded his paper with the expression of a hope that the defeat sustained by the destruction of these works may be retrieved, and that paintings shall hereafter appear in this country which shall be as abiding as those in Italy.

From the earliest indications of mischief to the frescoes in the Upper Waiting Hall, we have watched their progressive dissolution with deep interest, and looked forward for a solution of the question to the report of the committee appointed to consider the causes; but these gentlemen, not having been able to agree among themselves as to the source of injury, have separated without making a report. It is probable, however, that Dr. Hofmann hits upon one great cause of mischief, when he says, in reference to retouching, that the pigments in secco are laid over the film which preserves the pure fresco. In explanation of this, it may be stated that the colour, having been deposited on the wet plaster, becomes embodied with the lime, whence, in drying, arises a thin pellicle of carbonate of lime, whereby colours are protected against water, but not against water containing free carbonic acid. The effect on fresco of carbonic acid was shown as at once destructive; but it was not to be supposed that the pictures could have suffered from any cause so actively mischievous. They have been a subject of speculation ever since the first indications of injury. We have watched them year by year, and through the varying seasons, and in certain winters, we have seen the walls streaming with water. There is no need here to strike a balance between the frescoes in Italy that survive,

and those that we know to have perished; but it could be shown that those that have disappeared, and those which are even now succumbing to undefined evil influences, far exceed those that have resisted decay. Allowing Italy to have been the home of fresco from its cradle to its maturity, we cannot believe that every essay in the art has been the work of a hand sufficiently accomplished to command success. So it is among ourselves; the conquest of the art is not to be made in one trial, how simple soever be the prescriptions. Yet, withal, the announcement that these frescoes turned out failures has been received with blank surprise and the most intense disappointment. We are not certain that terra-verde, according to the old recipe, was employed in all the frescoes in the Upper Waiting Hall; at any rate it was used in some; this pigment, in mural painting, facilitates execution, but it is believed to initiate decay. Confining our observations to one picture: it is certain that there was no terra-verde used in Mr. Herbert's picture; yet this work is not without the plague-spot, which Mr. Herbert attributes to a contaminating absorption from above. All the frescoes in the corridors have been painted on slate panels, and transferred to the places they now occupy, where they have been set in such a manner as to admit of a circulation of air behind them; it must, therefore, have been apprehended that damp was an agent in the destruction of these works. It is much to be regretted that the investigating committee died, and made no sign; a report of even divided opinions might not have been without its use.

In reference to the subject, Mr. Wornum observed that, in Italy, there were but few specimens of pure fresco extant; that our climate was unfavourable, inasmuch that fresco-painting was not a system of mural decoration suitable to this country. Mr. Armitage said that his frescoes in the Roman Catholic church in Islington had not suffered; that no one had explained the causes of the failure of the pictures in question. The chairman, Lord Elcho, said that what they wanted to ascertain was, what is the proper material to be employed in this process, and what is not. If he might venture to criticise anything that had fallen from Mr. Atkinson, it would be that his paper showed a foregone conclusion in favour of fresco-painting as practised by the older Italian masters, and that our failures in this branch of Art ought not to induce us to abandon it. The tendency of the discussion was, that fresco-painting was decidedly unsuited for decoration in this country. Mr. Herbert expressed himself satisfied with the water-glass system, and in a letter received by Lord Elcho from that artist, the latter said that almost all the great colourists of Italy abandoned fresco after a few trials, and the Michael Angelos held up to us as marvels of Art have long since been in a hopeless state of decay; that fresco has had a fair trial here, and is to give place to something a thousand times better in every way. In a letter from Mr. Maclise to Lord Elcho, the water-glass system was strongly advocated. The advantages of this method over fresco are obvious. The couch of plaster is spread at once over the whole surface, and not laid in pieces by piece, each day's work to be painted on while fresh, to secure fixation. This old piece-meal process makes the work a kind of mosaic, and, in a complicated design, becomes a miracle of intricacy in its joinings, &c. In a letter from Mr. Leighton, the writer spoke highly of a process of mural decoration proposed by Mr. Gambier Parry, and then in course of practice by himself. The chairman, in conclusion, observed that there were other methods of mural painting in estimation among artists, and hoped Mr. Atkinson's suggestion would be entertained, that a committee be appointed to investigate the subject.

Mr. Atkinson subsequently condensed his views into a letter, printed by the society in their Journal, which letter was a reply to those by whom he had been opposed in the discussion. The essay gave much satisfaction to the very large audience by whom the lecture was attended. Altogether it was perhaps the most interesting "evening" of the season.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

VIEW OF ORVIETO.

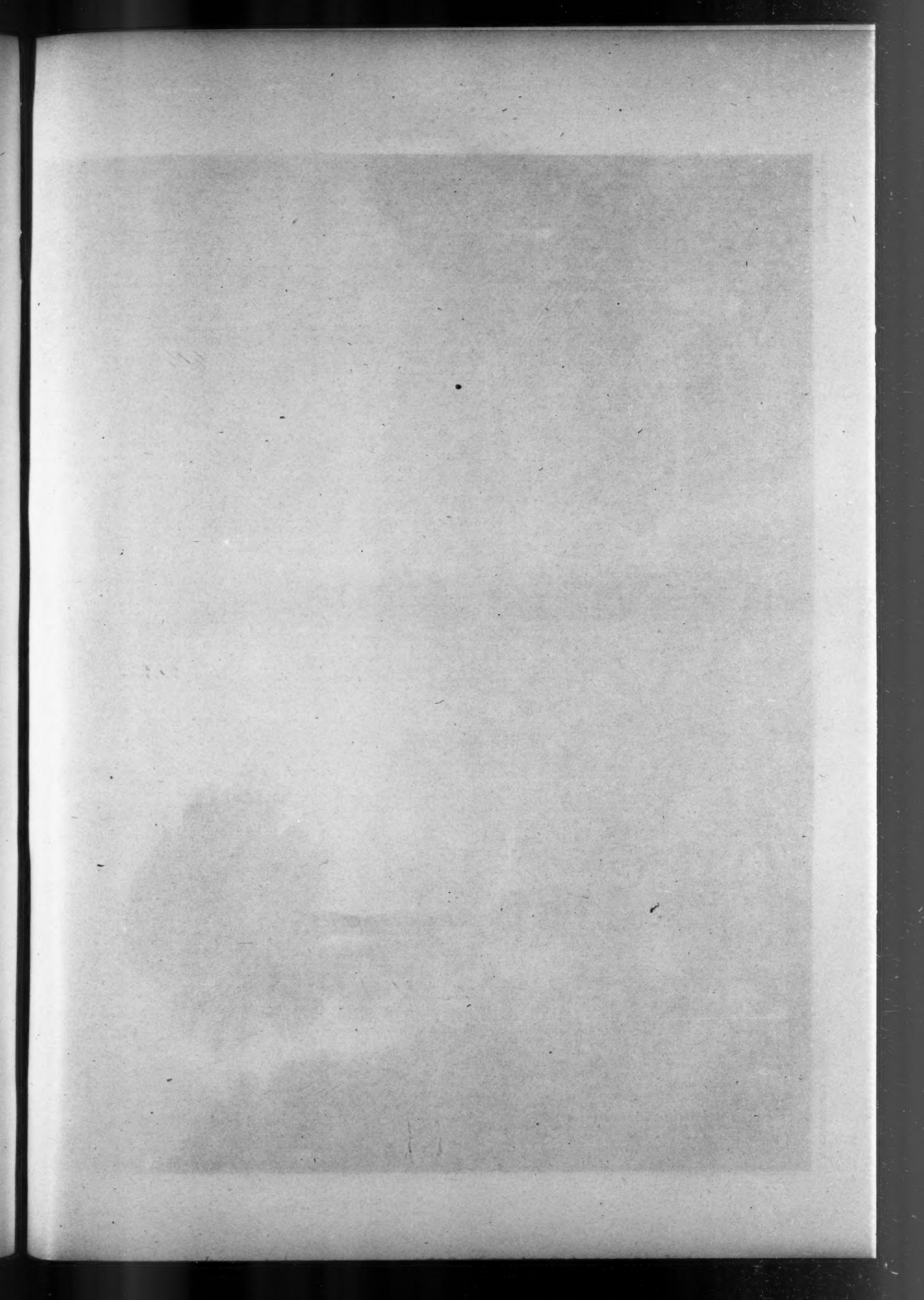
Engraved by S. Bradshaw.

LOOKING at the number of pictures bequeathed by Turner to the nation, one feels surprised to think he could have retained so many in his possession to the day of his death, especially if his desire to accumulate money is taken into account. In his house hung paintings twenty, and even thirty, years old; no one can suppose that during such a lapse of time the artist could not have sold them over and over again, and on his own terms. He, therefore, must have kept them for the sole purpose of bequeathing a grand collection of his works to the country, that his name might be worthily associated with the great representatives of the British school of painting in our National Gallery. On no other hypothesis can be explained the magnificent inheritance it is our privilege to enjoy.

This 'View of Orvieto' is one of the works treasured up by the artist; it was painted in 1829, consequently Turner held it twenty-two years. The composition is full of grandeur, and it is treated with exquisite feeling and delicacy. A bold sweep of landscape, in the midst of which is a large classic, but somewhat rude, fountain, occupies the foreground; a little bridge of two arches serves to divide this part of the picture from the middle distance, and from its position becomes a prominent feature in the composition. Rising immediately behind it, but at a considerable interval of space, is the rocky mount on which stands the city of Orvieto, almost isolated from every surrounding object, with the river Paglia winding at its base, and along the valley beyond, where an immense chain of mountains shuts in the prospect. The whole of this middle and extreme distance is painted with great tenderness and warmth of colour, while the foreground is enriched with those many varieties of natural product for which this most fertile part of central Italy is noted.

Orvieto stands on the road from Rome to Florence, not far from the Lake of Bolsena; it is a small city, containing about seven thousand inhabitants. The principal object of interest in it is the cathedral, or Duomo, one of the finest examples of Italian Gothic architecture that can be found anywhere. The materials employed in its construction are black and white marble, like the cathedrals of Siena and Florence. The architect who prepared the designs was Lorenzo Maitani, of Siena, a man of great ability; and the first stone was laid by Pope Nicholas VI., in 1290. "From that time to the end of the sixteenth century, almost every artist of eminence in architecture, sculpture, and mosaic was employed upon the works;" and a historian of the cathedral gives a list of as many as three hundred and eighty-six artists, not artisans, who were engaged upon the building that owes its origin to the celebrated legend of the "Miracle of Bolsena." The interior of the church shows the largest collection of sculpture executed by the schools of the sixteenth century, while on the bases of the four pilasters of the façade are noble bas-reliefs by Giovanni di Pisa, Arnolfo da Firenze, and other distinguished scholars of Niccolò di Pisa. These represent subjects of Old Testament history, the Last Judgment, from the "Inferno," and the Saints in Paradise. The principal sculptures inside are colossal statues of the twelve apostles, on lofty pedestals, standing in front of the six columns which separate each side of the nave from the aisles. The sculptures of the high altar represent the 'Annunciation' and the 'Archangel'; those of the altars of the two transepts, the 'Adoration of the Magi,' and the 'Visitation,' respectively. Many other sculptured works are scattered through the sacred edifice.

The cathedral and its various chapels contain numerous famous paintings by Luca Signorelli and Fra Angelico, with others by Gentile da Fabriano, Zuccari, Circignani, and others; in short, the little city of Orvieto is worth a pilgrimage to visit by all who can appreciate the beauty of Italian scenery and the excellence of Italian mediæval Art. Turner's picture testifies to the former.



THE TURNER GALLERY.

FIRST OF THE SERIES.

Painted by J. M. W. Turner.

Amongst the number of pictures exhibited by Turner at the gallery, there is one which is perhaps the most important in his collection. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works.

The picture is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works.

The picture is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works.

The picture is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works.

The picture is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works.

The picture is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works. It is a picture of a landscape, and is one of the most beautiful and most successful of his works.



J.M.W. TURNER, R.A. PINX.

VIEW OF ORVIE TO.

S. BRADSHAW, SCULPT.

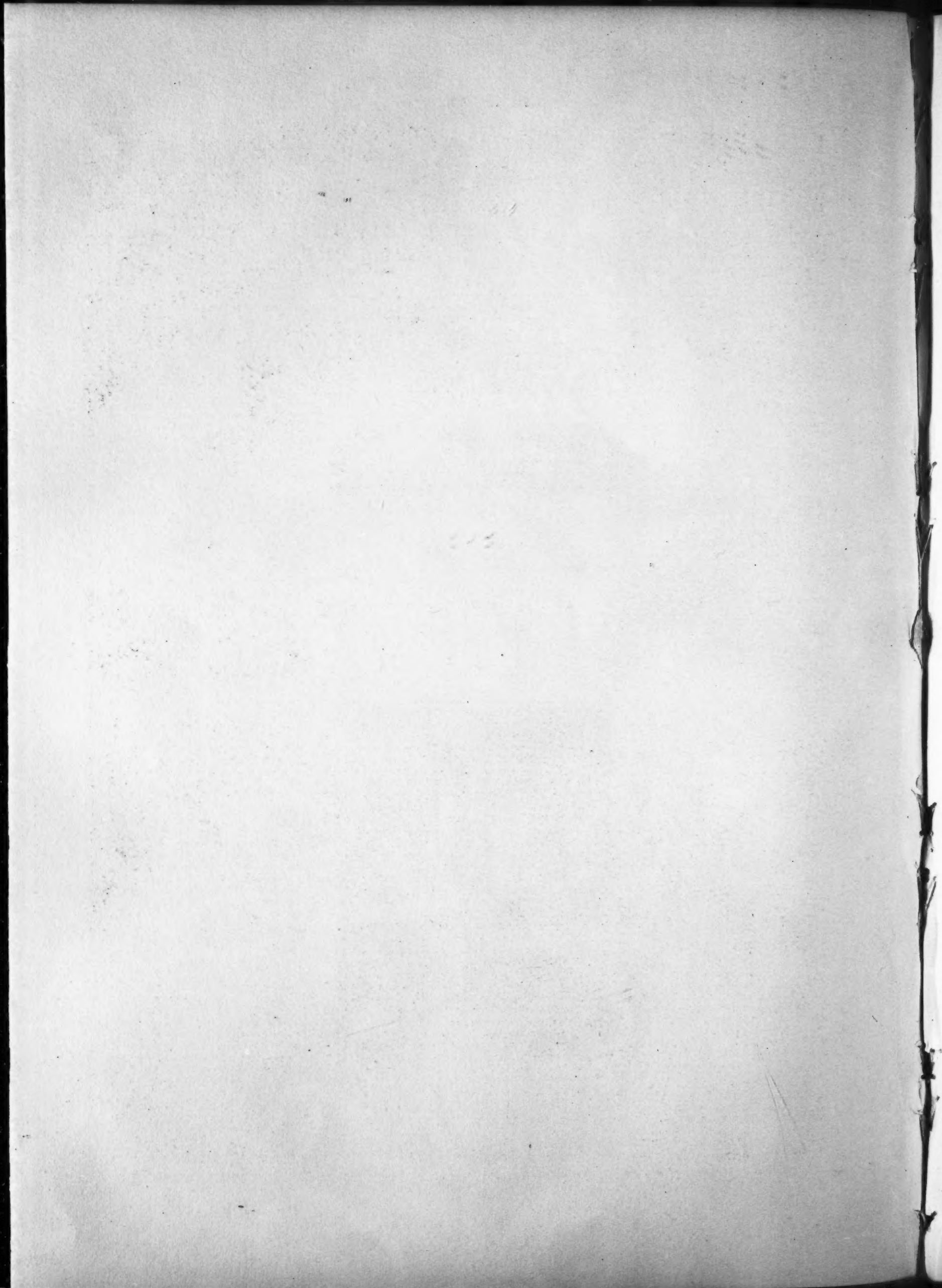


PHOTO-SCULPTURE.

EVERY now and then we hear of "new discoveries" that turn out to be impossible, or are the results only of confused reports. We are generally, therefore, rather inclined to doubt than to believe. It is not surprising that the world should have received with a certain degree of incredulity the announcement that sculpture could be performed by means of photography. However marvellous was the discovery of photography itself, we could understand how the image of the camera obscura could leave its impression upon a chemical surface susceptible of being affected by the very light which makes it apparent to our senses. We were afterwards enabled to understand, although with more difficulty, how the stereoscope could raise two flat photographic pictures into one, presenting the illusion of relief. In fact this seemed to us the only sculpture, or at least the only illusion of sculpture, which might possibly be the result of the process of photography, and the word photo-sculpture to us could not convey any other meaning; for it seemed utterly impossible that photography could transfer a block of clay, or any other materials employed by sculptors, into a real plastic form. But, however incredible this may appear on first consideration, we lately have had a tangible proof of the reality of a new and most extraordinary application of photography, in fact, of its capability of imparting to a block of clay the transfer in relief of the photographic image.

There were exhibited at the first soirée of the Royal Society, in the rooms at Burlington House, a number of statuettes and medallions, which had indeed all the character of photographic representations. That these extraordinary productions were connected with photography was inferred from the fact of their being exhibited by M. Claudet, the eminent photographer, who it appears is prepared to have *cartes de visite*, or other photographs, transformed into busts, medallions, or statuettes of various sizes, having entered into an arrangement with the inventor, M. Willemé, to have the sculpture part prepared in his establishment in Paris.

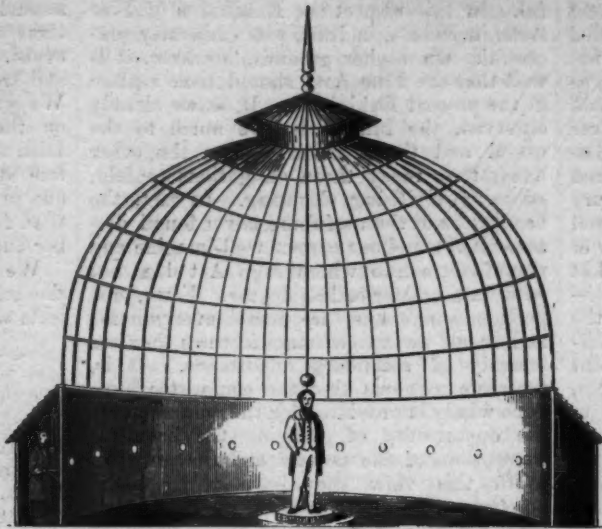
These specimens, very well executed, on first inspection exhibited a character quite novel as sculpture. They had, indeed, all the appearance of photographic productions, so correct were the forms and proportions, and so natural was the expression of countenance; they were, in fact, the very "*carte de visite*" raised in solid form.

These specimens, the first sent from Paris, represented the actor Roger in the character of the "Prophet," the Annamite ambassador, the Prince of Aquila, a lady sitting in a Gothic chair, a boy, a girl, and various others. There was also one medallion representing the head, half-size, of the Duc de Morny; all were very perfect in execution.

This extraordinary exhibition naturally excited considerable interest and curiosity. M. Claudet explained the process to several of the distinguished visitors who seemed eager to understand it. From his explanations we are enabled to give the following description, which will not fail to interest many of our scientific and artistic readers.

The establishment in Paris, called the "Société Générale de Photo-sculpture de France," is situated in the Boulevard de l'Etoile, not far from the "Arc de Triomphe." It is constructed on a large piece of ground, and includes the various reception rooms, galleries, and operating rooms necessary to carry out a photographic business on an extensive scale. The part which is devoted particularly to the photo-sculpture consists of a large circular room about 30 feet high and 40 feet in diameter, surmounted with a cupola, all of glass, to admit the greatest possible amount of light. All round the circular wall supporting the cupola are, at equal intervals, twenty-four

round holes of about 3 inches in diameter, being the apertures of twenty-four camera obscuras placed behind the wall, in a kind of dark corridor surrounding the building; for we have to explain that twenty-four photographs of the person sitting in the centre of the large round operating room are to be taken at the same moment, in order to supply the modelling appa-



ratus with twenty-four different views of the person whose sculpture is to be executed. By a very simple and ingenious contrivance, the twenty-four camera obscuras, in each of which has been placed a prepared plate, are open and shut at the same moment. The sitting is consequently as short as if only one portrait was taken, and, after a few seconds in the required fixed position, the sitter is no more wanted. His bust or his statuette will be achieved, without his presence, in another part of the establishment, where the modelling is performed by the very ingenious process by which the block of clay is to take consecutively, all round, the various outlines of each of the twenty-four photographs. This is done in the following manner:—The twenty-four

mension. The modeller, having prepared his block of clay, and placed it close to the ground glass, on a stand capable of turning upon its axis, holds in his hands a pantograph, the point of which can follow, on the ground glass, the outline of the image of the photograph, while a knife, fixed on another part of the pantograph, cuts the soft block of clay, and gives it the outline of the photograph. When this is done, the next photograph is brought before the magic lantern, the block of clay is turned 1-24th of the whole circle marked on its stand, another profile is imparted by the pantograph to the block of clay, and so on until the block has received all round the twenty-four outlines of the twenty-four photographs. The operation is finished as far as it relates to the employment of the photographs. The bust or the statuette produced by this means is a likeness which, although in a somewhat uneven state, no one can mistake. It is now necessary to smooth by hand, or by a tool, all the slight roughness produced by the various cuttings, and to soften down and blend the small intervals between the outlines or profiles.

This is a most delicate part of the process; for it must be understood that it requires an artist of taste and judgment to perform it satisfactorily, and to impart to the work all the finish possible. There are in the process of photo-sculpture two parts, very distinct—the one, which is mechanical, producing the rough likeness; and the other, purely artistic, by which a last touch communicates finish and refinement. This is no reproach to the process of photo-sculpture; on the contrary, it must be in its praise, for the productions might be vulgar if they were only mechanical. The advantage of this process is that an artist of talent, in correcting a few imperfections, will communicate to a work nearly finished a pure feeling, and a certain mark of genius, which is the stamp of Fine Art productions. This work of the artist is very brief; he has not to shape his clay while the model is sitting before him; the machine has already done this, and in a more perfect manner than he could himself: so that, in the course of one day he is enabled to give the

last touch and finish to several statuettes or busts, which would have taken him as many weeks of preparation, corrections, and alterations, during which he would have required several sittings from the person, while for the photo-sculpture one sitting may be sufficient to correct any trifling imperfections.

Now, it is obvious that a process of this kind, by which everything is quickly done and well done, must save time, and consequently diminish considerably the cost of the production. For this reason sculpture, which until now has been the luxury, exclusively, of the rich, will henceforward be the pleasure of all. Every house of moderate income may be ornamented with the busts or statuettes of relatives and friends, and of those who, by their eminence, talents, and virtues, are objects of interest or veneration.

We have said that photo-sculpture was to enable all classes to reach an enjoyment heretofore the exclusive privilege of the rich. This will have another beneficial effect; for the taste for sculpture will habituate the public to the appreciation and knowledge of this branch of the Fine Arts. At the same time, those who value artistic productions only in proportion to their intrinsic worth—who, for this reason, would not think of placing in their drawing-rooms or galleries common and fragile plaster models—may have the advantage of procuring from the original photo-sculpture model casts in bronze or richer materials, or executed in marble. There will be photo-sculpture for every class, and this will ensure its success. We recommend all lovers of useful discoveries to visit M. Claudet's gallery, where they may inspect this new and interesting application of photography.



photographs are placed, in their proper order, in the outer circle of a large vertical wheel, which can revolve at will merely by the impulse of the hand; so that each photograph can be placed, as long as and whenever it is necessary, before the glass of a magic lantern; and the image of this photograph is projected upon a screen of ground glass, at the distance which will give the desired di-

THE EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN. 1864.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Dublin Society, which is to be opened by the Lord-Lieutenant on the 17th of May, promises to be productive of very important results to that country; and though its primary object is manufactures and machinery—while the Fine Arts are to be added as an attractive auxiliary—we deem it not out of place to consider it in its former, as well as its latter, aspect in the *Art-Journal*. The useful Arts and practical Sciences are ever the handmaidens to the Fine Arts. Men must first supply their wants; then comes wealth; repose from toil, civilisation, luxury follow. And then we turn from the animal to the intellectual, and satisfy the desires of a higher nature and of æsthetic sense. Let us then briefly state the objects of this forthcoming exhibition. For many years the Royal Dublin Society held triennial exhibitions of native manufactures: the present may be considered a resumption of them, but it has a larger object, and proposes to occupy a wider field. It seeks not alone to show what Ireland can now do in manufactures, but to stimulate her people to enlarge the sphere of their operations, and, as far as possible, to enter into a profitable competition with the other parts of the world in branches of industry, now not at all, or but little, pursued. And, indeed, the necessity of thus doing is becoming imminent. The experience of the last few years admonishes Ireland that she must henceforth look to something besides her agriculture if she is to maintain her people. She must become a manufacturing country. She must endeavour to solve the problem, whether she can compete in the markets of the world with the coal and iron fields of England and Scotland, and win a share of that manufacturing wealth which flows so affluently into the sister portions of the empire. There is but one way of doing this—by machinery. Assuming that she works at a disadvantage in the article of coal (though her extensive coal-fields have not yet been fairly tried), she has an inexhaustible supply of water power going almost waste. The turbine may well supplement, if it do not supplant, the steam engine as a motor. With this view, while only those articles into the manufacture of which, in any stage, Irish industry enters, are admitted for exhibition, the best machinery that the world can supply is anxiously solicited in aid of native manufacture. Thus, the exhibition divides itself into two principal departments—manufactures of Ireland and machinery of all countries. To the former, the large Agricultural Hall (with the exception of the aisle to be specially reserved for the Fine Arts) is to be appropriated. The exertions of the committee, and particularly of Mr. Andrew Bagot and Mr. J. A. Walker, have secured that every branch of Irish manufacture, including ship-building, and of Irish products, especially minerals, will be found here, forming the most interesting, as well as practically useful, exhibition ever held in Ireland. An area of 20,000 square feet, recently purchased by the society, on the south of the original premises, is now covered in, at a cost of £1,000, for the Machinery Court. Here will be placed turbines and the best machinery that can be procured in England for the manufacture of woollens and linens, and the whole process of manufacture, from the raw material to the finished fabric, will be exhibited.

So much for manufactures and machinery, which, indeed, we have but glanced at. Let us come to what is more especially within our own province, the department of Fine Arts. A gallery of Fine Arts did not form a

part in the original design of the Exhibition; but the committee soon discovered that it would, for many reasons, be a desirable adjunct. In the first place, as an object of general attraction, a picture gallery could not fail to augment the funds of the undertaking by drawing a large concourse of visitors, and thus making the project financially successful. In this respect the Exhibition of Fine Arts, in Dublin, in 1861, was eminently successful. On higher grounds, however, it is well that the Fine Arts should have a place in the present Exhibition. If, as we already observed, the Fine Arts owe much to the useful and the practical, so, on the other hand, they repay those obligations tenfold, adorning, civilising, elevating. In fact, the beautiful and the useful are never found dissociated; and one cannot well imagine any manufacture into which high Art does not enter in a greater or less degree. Form, proportion, and colour are found everywhere; and in all decorative manufactures they are scarcely of secondary importance. It is, therefore, obvious that the committee have done wisely in providing for the manufacturer the opportunity of studying the beautiful conceptions of the painter and the sculptor. With this view they have reserved the northern aisle of the great Agricultural Hall for a gallery to comprise a collection of modern paintings in oil and water colours, miniatures, enamels, and similar works of Art, and also modern sculpture. Circulars have been transmitted to the leading artists in Great Britain, France, Belgium and Rhenish Prussia, and, through the kindness of Earl Russell and the British Ambassadors at Paris, Berlin, and Brussels, to the government departments of Art in those cities. Even sovereigns have been solicited to contribute from their private collections, so that we may reasonably expect a very interesting exhibition in the Fine Arts. Let us impress on those who propose to send in objects of Art that they should do so as soon as possible, as the time fixed as the last day for receiving them is drawing nigh. We are glad to learn that the committee have been promised many good pictures from Belgium and Dusseldorf, and they have specially applied for Gallait's great picture, 'The Last Honours to Counts Egmont and Horn.' Facilities for the sale of pictures will be afforded by the committee.

We need scarcely say that we feel a deep interest in the success of this Exhibition, and in everything that may promote the welfare of Ireland. During the last twenty years she has made great advances in her manufactures. Besides her staple manufacture of linen, in which she stands unrivalled, she has made creditable advances in lace and woollen fabrics; shirt-making occupies a large portion of the artisans of Donegal and Londonderry, while a prosperous trade is growing up in stay and crinoline-making. Wholesale boot and shoe-making is carried on extensively, and these articles are sent into the English markets. Locomotive and other engines are now built in various places; and in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and Waterford ship-building is on the increase, while in the metropolis an extensive sugar-refining establishment is now in course of erection.

The Fine Arts, too, have made some progress, though not as great as we could wish. Much of that progress is perhaps due to the Schools of the Royal Dublin Society, and to the Government Schools of Design. Besides these, within the last few years, Mr. George Archibald Taylor bequeathed a sum of £2,000 for the promotion of Art in Ireland, which has been applied in the foundation of a scholarship and prizes (under the administration of the Royal Dublin Society) for the best native works of Art. A new school of

landscape painting has been developed in Ireland, possessed of much talent, foremost amongst whom are Faulkner, Duffy, Marquis, and Watkins. A much more general taste for Art has arisen among the people, and the various Art exhibitions are not only self-supporting but remunerative. In the Royal Hibernian Academy the sale of pictures, at the annual exhibition, now produces £2,000, where some years ago the sale of a picture was an event. Public monuments have increased, and are increasing in number and excellence. We would specially allude to the bas-reliefs on the Wellington testimonial, by resident Irish artists, at a cost of £10,000, and to the fine statue of Goldsmith, by Foley. Public and private patronage is also much greater than formerly, and by consequence the number and efficiency of artists is increased.

We propose, from time to time, to notice the progress of the Exhibition, and the objects worthy of consideration.

BRISTOL ACADEMY.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Bristol Fine Arts' Academy was opened on Wednesday the 16th of March, having been inaugurated the previous evening by a *conversazione* of the Graphic Society. The *conversazione* was attended by a large number of visitors, who appeared much gratified by the display. The exhibition rooms were brilliantly lighted, and looked extremely well; but the most attractive feature in the evening's entertainment appeared to be the collection of original sketches contributed by the artist-members of the academy, and by resident amateurs, the result of their out-of-door studies during the past summer. In addition to these, some choice sketches by Messrs. Richardson, Sidney Cooper, Dodgson, and Pyne, together with a few interesting specimens of the late Copley Fielding, S. Prout, Dewint, and Hunt (lent for the occasion), were greatly admired. Amongst the contributors to the display we note the well-known names of Curnock, Müller, Mrs. Müller, Jackson, Syer, Hardy, Havell, Tucker, Wells, and Wolfe. Some very clever figure-sketches by Miss J. Russell, 'Dead Game' by J. Hardy, a humorous picture of Irish life, by Messrs. Hopkins and Havell, and some large and vigorous sketches, done in a peculiar manner on unprimed canvas, by a talented amateur, deserve especial notice and commendation.

The exhibition this year contains a larger number of works of Art than any of its predecessors, there being nearly five hundred pictures. Amongst the contributors we find Messrs. Armitage, J. C. Hook, R.A., D. Roberts, R.A., P. F. Poole, R.A., and many other well-known names; while the local talent of Bristol is well represented by Messrs. Branwhite, J. J. Curnock, David, J., D. and H. Hardy, Havell, Hewitt, Hopkins, Philp, Jackson, Langshaw, Syer, Syer, jun., Müller, Mrs. Müller, Tovey, Tucker, Wells, Woods, and Wolfe. Bath also contributes her quota to the collection, Messrs. Drummond, Everett, Hardy, Miss Hardy, Mrs. Rosenberg, Mrs. Harris, Miss Jolly, Keene, Sheppard, and Wheeler, having sent many talented works. We have no space for detailed criticism; but we may just observe that, on entering the great room, Mr. Leighton's powerful picture of the 'Prophet Elijah meeting Ahab and Jezebel,' forcibly arrests attention. Places of honour are also justly given to Mr. Poole's picture, 'The Rescue,' representing a young girl saved from drowning by a youth; and to Mr. J. C. Hook's 'A Signal on the Horizon—Clovelly,' one of those deliciously faithful bits of out-of-door scenery for which that artist is famous. Mr. Armitage's 'Burial of a Christian Martyr in the time of Nero,' a clever picture, is also placed on the line. Another highly meritorious work, from the easel of Mr. Barwell, entitled 'Unaccredited Heroes,' representing the scene at the mouth of a coal-pit, just after the occurrence of a disastrous explosion, deserves warm commendation. Altogether the exhibition is a good one, and well deserves public patronage.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—The Queen has contributed £50 towards the fund for erecting in this city a statue of Edmund Burke, to be placed on College Green.

BOSTON.—Mr. S. Hart, R.A., the Government inspector, examined the works of the pupils in the Boston School of Art, a short time since, and awarded nine medals, Miss B. Kellar, Miss E. Thompson, and Mr. W. Catley, obtaining two each; drawings by the two latter students were selected for the annual national competition. The result of the examination is considered very satisfactory, and shows that the school is progressing under the direction of Mr. V. Howard, head master.

CHESTER.—The prizes awarded to the students of the Chester School of Art at the last annual examination were recently presented, by the mayor, at the Mechanics' Institute. A statement made by the honorary secretary at the meeting shows how little interest is felt in the school by the inhabitants generally; he remarked that since its foundation, eleven years ago, the pecuniary assistance derived from the citizens was below forty pounds! while Government had contributed eight hundred pounds to promote an undertaking that ought to be supported by those for whose especial benefit it was instituted. It may well be asked whether this negation of duty arises from indifference or dissatisfaction. The school, it was remarked, was a self-creation, and was exclusively indebted to Mr. Davidson, the head master, for its establishment and success. Branches exist at Wrexham and Crewe. During the last six years the number of pupils under instruction at the three places reached a total of 16,000.—An equestrian statue, by the Baron Marochetti, of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere, K.C.B., is to be erected in this city by public subscription; the fund for defraying the expenses has reached £4,500.

DONCASTER.—The Queen has given permission to the corporation of this town to have a copy made of Winterhalter's picture of her Majesty in the dress of the Order of the Garter. It is to be placed in the Mansion House of Doncaster, which already possesses several good portraits of eminent personages.

LINCOLN.—The first annual examination of the pupils of the School of Art in this city, established early in last year, was made in February, by Mr. S. Hart, one of the Government inspectors, who awarded seventeen medals, and noted nine names for "honourable mention;" six drawings were selected for national competition. Mr. Hart expressed his surprise and satisfaction at the amount of hard work done in the first year, two of the medals being obtained for designs, two for painting from the cast in oils and water-colours respectively, two for drawings and designs for engines, three for shading from the cast, and two for foliage from nature. The school numbers one hundred and twenty students, chiefly artisans. A public exhibition of the pupils' drawings, &c., was held in the month of March, which attracted considerable interest, from its being the first fruits of the year's instruction, as well as the first time the institution had been brought publicly before the inhabitants of Lincoln. The school already is asking for "more room."

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. T. M. Lindsay, assistant-master of the Government School of Art attached to the Liverpool Institute, has been appointed master of the School of Art in Cape Town.

NORWICH.—The annual examination of the pupils in the Norwich School of Art was made in March, by Mr. J. Wylde, one of the Government inspectors, who awarded twenty medals to students, eighteen of whom belong to the artisan classes.

OXFORD.—Mr. Woolner has completed his statue of the Prince Consort, an offering from the citizens of Oxford to the University, and to be placed in the New Museum. The Prince appears as a young man, in the ordinary morning dress of a gentleman, but without his hat; a short riding-cloak is thrown back over one shoulder.

SOUTHAMPTON.—During the four months that have passed since the last examination of the pupils in the School of Art here, about twenty works have been executed, by the students, in those stages of the course which are rewarded with local medals. These drawings have been forwarded to London for adjudication under the new regulations of the Department of Art, by which the award of medals in the places where schools exist has been done away, and the works are sent to head-quarters for examination. The object of this, as the authorities allege, is to insure greater uniformity in the awards than heretofore. It remains to be seen what real advantage will accrue from the change.

THE NEW FRESCO
BY MR. E. M. WARD, R.A.

THIS distinguished artist has just completed another of the series of frescoes, for the execution of which he holds the royal commission, and it has just been placed in its destined position in the Commons corridors of the Palace at Westminster. The painting has been executed in stereochrome, or the glass-water process; and as this method is considered to ensure permanence to the colours used, there is reason to believe it will altogether supersede the ordinary vehicles hitherto adopted.

Independently of this essential quality, the medium is assumed to afford facilities for delicacy and brilliancy of execution beyond what the earlier process supplied. The result of Mr. Ward's labours in this fine work proves that he has successfully mastered the difficulties attending the application of a method so opposed to that which our artists usually employ, and there can be no doubt that this work is, in its manipulation, the most successful, as in its treatment and subject it will be the most popular, of the series.

The incident chosen for illustration is the 'Landing of Charles II. at Dover, on his Restoration, 29th May, 1660.' The king is represented in energetic action, descending from a galley upon the beach, where he is received with delight and acclamation by the assembled crowds. Foremost is the figure of General Monk, who greets the king with respectful reverence. Lining, on each side, the route by which the king is to proceed, are animated and interesting groups in varied and appropriate action. A girl with a younger sister, immediately in front of the crowd, strewing flowers, is a graceful incident, charmingly rendered. The mayor of Dover is a prominent figure, as also is an aged Royalist leaning upon the arm of his daughter.

Very difficult foreshortening is successfully grappled with in the figures immediately in the foreground, particularly one of a sailor, holding on to the prow of the vessel, and another on the extreme left of the picture, who, waving cap in hand, shouts a cordial and almost audible welcome. The flesh tones are remarkably clear, and the draperies and general accessories rich and forcible in colour. Indeed, judging from this example, stereochrome leaves little, if anything, to be desired. A subtle and judicious arrangement of colour as to its harmonies and contrasts, such as here evidenced, makes amends for the somewhat limited appliances to which the process restricts its operators. Throughout the drawing is vigorous, and the disposition and arrangement of the figures and grouping are felicitously characteristic.

The distant cliffs of Dover are made available for the introduction of a background of pictorial beauty, most admirably painted. These, and the bustle of the vessels which conveyed the king and suite from Holland, afford material for additional vivacity and brilliancy to a subject inherently joyous and exhilarating.

Whilst we congratulate Mr. Ward upon the remarkable success that has attended his conscientious and persistent labour, we must at the same time express our regret that the sum allowed by Government for remunerating the artist is so inadequate to the worth of the work. A national commission—especially given by a country like England—should not entail upon the artist, whose talent has caused his selection for employment, a personal sacrifice of time, which, if devoted to the regular routine of his Art-labour, would have been much more fairly compensated. We trust that the attention of Parliament may be drawn to this.

MR. SIMPSON'S SERIES OF INDIAN
DRAWINGS.

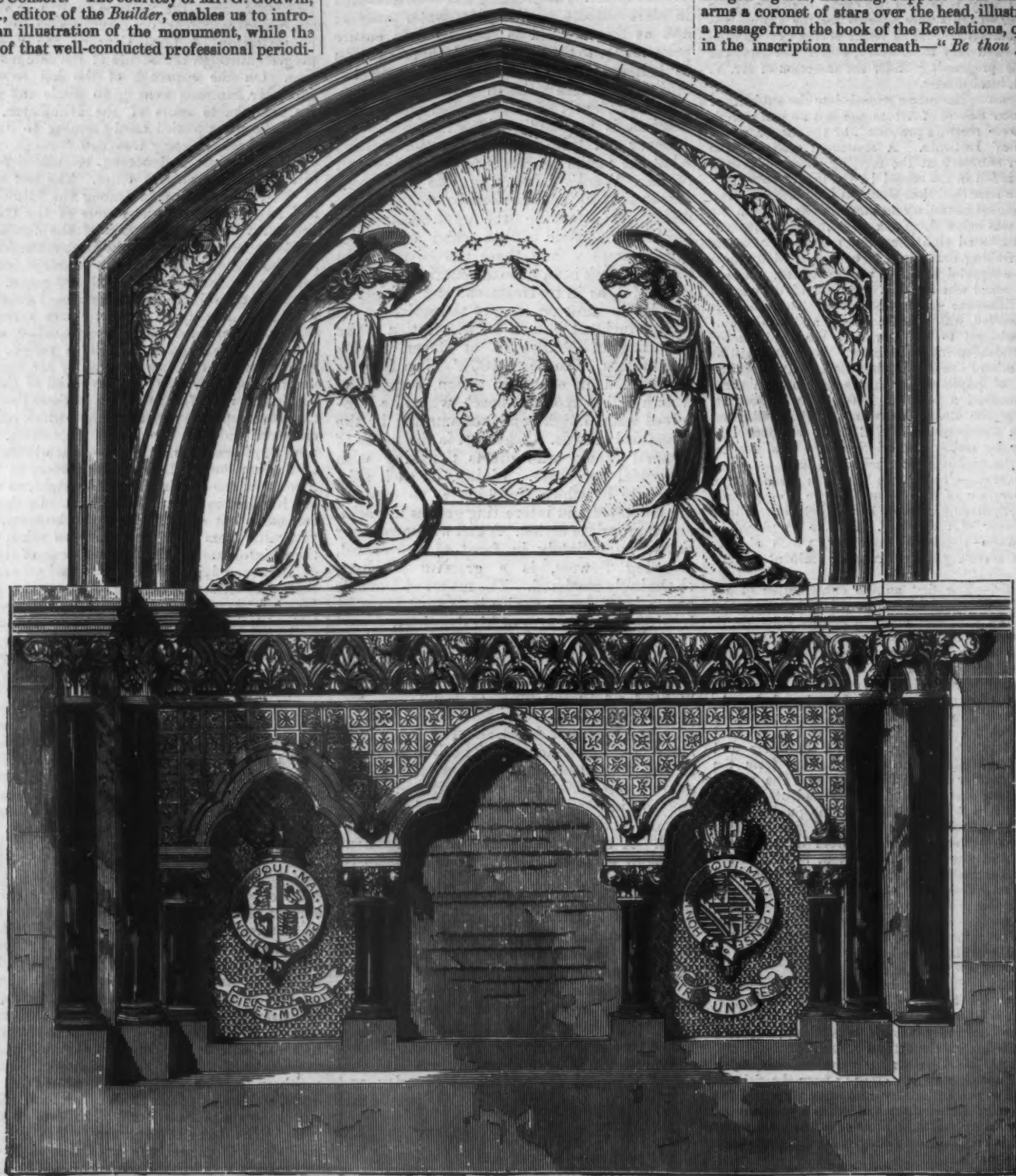
Mr. Simpson, who is memorable on account of his valuable series of drawings illustrative of the scenes of the Crimean war, has recently returned from a three years' tour in India, in the course of which he has visited nearly every place of interest in the great Indian continent, from Cape Comorin to Peshawur. For the purpose he had in view he enjoyed extraordinary opportunities, having joined by invitation of Lord Canning the vice-regal progress through the scenes of the late insurrection. On the approach of the hot season of 1860, Mr. Simpson went up to Simla and visited the remarkable spots of the Himalayas, after which he accompanied Lord Canning to Jubbulpore, and subsequently travelled through central India, and then Rajpootana, celebrated for its hills, lakes, and ancient cities. The hot season of 1861 he spent again among the Himalayas, and having gone to the source of the Ganges, proceeded also to the source of the Jumna, the Ladak country, Allahabad, the Madras Presidency, &c., the whole accomplished by journeys comprehending in the total some 23,000 miles. The results of these journeys are a series of drawings, which, for novelty of character and variety of subject-matter, have never been equalled as the labour of one hand in so brief a period. The greater part of the sites depicted by Mr. Simpson no artist has ever seen; we have read of them in the Indian news for years, but in these drawings they come upon us with a freshness which could be enhanced only by the places themselves. The number of drawings exhibited—their whereabouts, by the way, being the German Gallery in Bond Street—is one hundred and fifty-eight, to which one hundred more are to be added. Of these we can name but a few. To begin, however, with 'Calcutta, from Fort Point,' a view taken from the maintopmast of the *Newcastle*, one of the fleet of Indiamen lying at the quay; we see some of the great features of the city. 'The River Hooghly' is not forgotten, nor 'The Ganges' itself, with its crocodiles taking their ease on the sand banks. Then, after many others, comes the famous 'Temple of Juggernaut, at Oodeypore,' the 'Thugs' School of Industry, Jubbulpore,' an institution for the extinction of Thuggee; 'Bombay, from Mazagon Hill,' 'A Street in Bombay,' with its diversity of population; 'Parsees, or Sun Worshipers,' the famous 'Towers of Silence,' the 'Parsee Cemetery,' where the bodies are exposed to the vultures. Perhaps the most striking subjects are, the 'Buddhist Caves at Ajunta,' and the 'Hindoo Caves at Elephanta and Ellora,' all remarkable for the beauty of their carvings. The monolithic 'Temple at Ellora' is worthy of being ranked as one of the wonders of the world: it has been hewn out of the solid rock to the length of 401 feet, and the breadth of 185 feet. 'The Taj, at Agra,' has not been forgotten; it is the tomb of Noormahal, the wife of Shah Jehan, who, in this, declared he would erect the most beautiful edifice of the world. The view of 'Delhi, from the Ridge,' has been taken from a point of much interest in the history of the siege, and shows many important places and objects in and around the city. The 'Durbar—Umballah' is a representation of a levée held by Lord Canning in 1860. 'Peshawur, from the Fort,' shows our extreme northern frontier station, 1,290 miles from Calcutta, and ten only from the Khyber Pass. There are besides the Pass itself, 'The Vale of Cashmere,' 'The Lake of Cashmere,' 'The Lotus, on the Lake of Cashmere,' 'Sewing Cashmere Shawls,' 'Weaving Cashmere Shawls,' Simla, 'The Mall, Simla,' 'The Source of the Ganges,' 'The Salt Lake' of the Himalayas; and these are but a few of this valuable series, which is so comprehensive as to afford a pictorial history of India. Perhaps there has never been in London an exhibition of eastern pictures at once so extensive, so interesting, so instructive or so truly valuable. It is certain to be one of the most popular series that has ever been submitted to public view; doing honour to the industry as well as the genius of the accomplished artist. We presume that, in some form or other, these drawings will be reproduced.

MONUMENT TO H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE picturesque little village church of the parish of Whippingham, which, as most of our readers know, is always attended by the Queen and Royal Family when at Osborne, has, somewhat recently, received a very elegant monumental decoration, erected by her Majesty to the memory of the Prince Consort. The courtesy of Mr. G. Godwin, F.S.A., editor of the *Builder*, enables us to introduce an illustration of the monument, while the pages of that well-conducted professional periodi-

cal supply us with a description of the work. Whippingham Church was almost, if not entirely, rebuilt, about four or five years ago, from designs suggested by the Prince, who manifested especial interest in its erection, by personally superintending the work while in progress, and determining the details of the building. On this account alone, irrespective of any other, it seems peculiarly appropriate that the sacred edifice

should contain some memorial of his Royal Highness. The monument in question was designed by Mr. Humbert, the architect employed in the rebuilding of the church; the sculpture was executed by Mr. Theed. It is placed in an arched recess, or framework, of Caen stone, in the western wall of the south chancel aisle. The upper portion of the design, sculptured in Carrara marble, consists of a profile medallion of the Prince, encircled by a wreath of laurel. Two winged figures, kneeling, support with extended arms a coronet of stars over the head, illustrating a passage from the book of the Revelations, quoted in the inscription underneath—"Be thou faith-



ful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The spandrels of the arch are filled with foliage, carved in alabaster on a gold ground. The lower portion is divided into three panels, separated by small shafts of red Portuguese marble, with capitals and arches of alabaster, surmounted by a cornice similar in character to the spandrels above. Two of the larger shafts or columns are of Greek green, and two of Irish green, marble. In the panels, which are of Carrara marble, are the arms respectively of the Queen and the Prince; and in the centre panel is the following inscription:—

To the beloved Memory
of
FRANCIS ALBERT CHARLES AUGUSTUS EMANUEL,
PRINCE CONSORT,
who departed this life December 14, 1861,
in his 43rd year.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee
a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

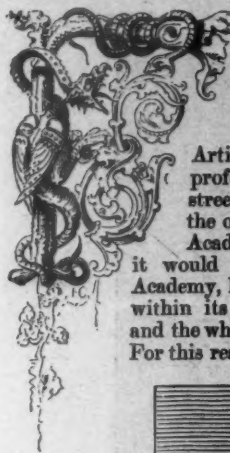
This Monument is placed
in the Church erected under his direction,
by
His broken-hearted and devoted Widow,
Queen Victoria,
1864.

What a volume of grief is written in the few words of the last paragraph! how expressive and touching they are! not the passionate outpouring of the first impulse of sorrow, but the deep-seated anguish of a heart which, after the lapse of three years, mourns the loss of its chief friend and companion with as much intensity as on the day when the royal mourner knew her "house was left unto her desolate." Without presumption we may thus comment upon this most affecting inscription, more eloquent than a page of eulogy, and calculated to call forth all the sympathies of the Queen's loving subjects.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXXII.—CHARLES BAXTER.



FORTY years have now elapsed since a numerous body of artists, feeling that, either from want of space, or from some other cause, their works were inadequately displayed in the rooms of the Royal Academy, determined to open an exhibition of their own. Hence arose the "Society of British Artists," or, as it is more commonly designated by the profession, the "Suffolk Street Gallery," from the street in which the exhibition is held. As a rival to the older institution in Trafalgar Square, our national Academy, the "Society" never put forth any claim; it would have been futile to do so, simply because the Academy, having honours to distribute, is certain to attract within its influences by far the larger majority of artists, and the whole of those who aspire to reach the coveted dignity. For this reason many painters, as soon as they have acquired a

certain amount of popularity and reputation by the exhibition of their works in other galleries, withdraw from their early associates, and enrol their names as candidates in the books of the Academy, the rules of that society assuming that a member of any other institution is ineligible for election. Without, however, admitting that the Suffolk Street Gallery is nothing more than a nursery for young painters, or a trial-ground on which they take a few preliminary "canters" preparatory to the great after-struggle for fame, it is a fact that very many of our leading artists have been exhibitors in the rooms of the society. A reference to some of its earlier catalogues will show the names of D. Roberts, Stanfield, Frith, Poole, Egg, E. M. Ward, J. Phillip, Elmore, T. S. Cooper, H. O'Neil, Le Jeune, F. Goodall, and others, all of whom subsequently entered the ranks of the Academy. Then there are those of Haydon, Hoffman, Müller, Glover, Linton, Pyne, Holland, Von Holst, J. B. Crome, J. Wilson, Woolmer, Hurlstone, now and for many years president of the society, Anthony, Buckner, Dadd, T. M. Richardson, Salter, Joy, G. E. Hering, Gosling, Vicat Cole, with many other names of good repute, some of which constitute still the strength of the institution.

Prior to the year 1843 the Society of British Artists was open to all comers, or, in other words, the works of any artist were admitted, provided they were considered worthy of being hung, and all were, as far as possible, equally well placed. But at, or about the above period, its whole character underwent a change, the policy of which, however advantageous to the few, certainly did not benefit the many. In order to discourage the con-



Engraved by]

OLIVIA AND SOPHIA.

[Butterworth and Heath.

tributions of those who were not members, and, consequently, reaped all the advantages of the gallery without sharing its responsibilities and the expenses arising from its maintenance, the Society adopted the plan of rejecting such works, so far as could be done, from the line, and thus com-

polled their authors either to withdraw altogether, or to join the associated body. The result was that the number of members increased considerably, while many artists who had supported the exhibition withheld the assistance of their pictures. To a certain extent the plan was based on fair and

just principles; but, perhaps, the interests of the Society would have been, on the whole, better served if the plan had been at once adopted to which, in 1848, it was found expedient to resort, namely, charging a commission of five per cent. on sales, which, in 1850, was increased to ten per cent.

These remarks are elicited by the consideration of the works of Mr. Charles Baxter, who has long been a member of the Society of British Artists, and a regular contributor to its annual exhibitions. He was born in Little Britain, London, in March, 1809. His father, a book-clasp maker, and his friends generally, did all they could to dissuade the boy,

who had early evinced a strong disposition towards Art, from following his inclination, stigmatising an artist's life as "an idle kind of employment and a beggarly profession." They advised him to learn some business, as a more certain means of gaining a livelihood, qualifying the recommendation, however, with the encouraging remark, that if anything chanced to "turn up" giving promise for the future, he might make his selection. Yielding to the advice, the youth was apprenticed to a bookbinder; but the love of Art was too strong to be set aside, and the workshop of his master was soon vacated for more genial employment. After struggling with



Engraved by]

A GALWAY PEASANT GIRL.

[Butterworth and Heath.

adverse fortune for a considerable time, Mr. Baxter contrived to get into some practice as a miniature painter, and he also received a few commissions for portraits in oil. One of the earliest of the latter works was a portrait of the Hon. Major Cochrane, brother of the late Earl of Dundonald, better known, publicly, as Lord Cochrane; from this nobleman and the major Mr. Baxter experienced much kindness and encouragement. In 1834 he painted a miniature of Mrs. Charles Jones, of Drury Lane Theatre, an actress of high repute. This lady was sitting at the time to the late G. Clint, A.R.A., in the character of *Mrs. Quickly*, for a picture he was

painting for the Earl of Egremont. The circumstance introduced the two artists to each other, and the acquaintance proved most fortunate for Mr. Baxter, who painted a miniature of his friend, and received from him many valuable practical hints on Art.

In 1839 he joined the Clipstone Street Society, and studied there several years, with Messrs. Poole, R.A., the late W. Müller, Duncan, Jenkins, Dodgson, Topham, and others who have since distinguished themselves in the profession. In 1842 he was elected into the Society of British Artists, of which, as already stated, he is still a member. Mr. Baxter first appeared

as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy in 1834, since which year he has been a frequent contributor, and also at the Suffolk Street Gallery from the time of his election into the society.

Though the majority of the works executed by this artist are portraits, he has also produced many ideal compositions, partaking, in some degree, of the same character; a few of the latter may properly pass under notice here, taking those first in order which appeared at the Academy.

Prior to 1852 Mr. Baxter sent little of importance to this institution beyond portraits; but in that year he contributed an elegant figure called 'L'Allegro,' very charming in colour, and sweet in expression: altogether a picture of a high class. It was painted for Mr. J. H. Turner, of Brighton. In the following year he sent 'A Wild Flower,' a pretty rustic maiden, with a sheaf of wheat, resting after the day's glean- ing, her bonnet decked out with bunches of wild flowers. 'Love me, Love my Dog,' engraved on this page, was exhibited at the same time; it is simply the portrait of a young boy nursing a small King Charles's spaniel, but the picture is a gem of its kind, admirably drawn and exquisitely painted.

A third contribution to the year's exhibition was a small half-length figure of a female, called 'The Reverie,' life-like in colour, and most delicate in general treatment.

The Society of British Artists is, however, the chief arena on which this artist's ideal works have been displayed. The first year after his becoming a member he exhibited, with some other pictures, a beautiful figure entitled 'The Orphan;' it was bought in the gallery by Mr. Alderman Copeland, M.P. In 1847 appeared 'The Wanderers,' two female figures, one older than the other, resting by the way-side of an open landscape; the picture, which is most delicately painted, was purchased by Mr. J. P. Carter, of Ashford, Kent. The next important work of the same class was not exhibited till 1852, 'OLIVIA AND SOPHIA,' from the "Vicar of Wakefield;" it is engraved on a preceding page. On looking at this picture a short time since, we felt surprised at the brilliancy of its tones, which appeared as fresh as when we saw the canvas fourteen years ago in the gallery where it hung; the heads are exquisitely worked up, and the pose of Dr. Primrose's daughters, with their coquettish action, is easy and natural. This



Engraved by J.

[Butterworth and Heath.]

is certainly among the best pictures Mr. Baxter has produced; something more than pretty—a word which, applied to Art, is, generally, meaningless. 'Lucy Locket,' 'A Bacchante,' 'Reflection,' 'Refreshment,' and 'Rustics,' were exhibited in 1853; the third and fourth are life-size heads only; the last a group, small, of young children; the whole five pictures characterised by beauty of colour and appropriate expression. Two works of more pretension than these appeared in 1855; one a nymph, life-size, whom the artist called 'Sunshine,' an exquisitely beautiful example, most refined both in feeling and execution; the other, painted for Mr. J. H. Mann, is entitled 'The Bouquet,' a small canvas representing three figures, substantially yet delicately delineated.

In 1856 Mr. Baxter exhibited 'The Lily,' 'Autumn,' and 'Rest,' the first, a lady wearing a Spanish hat, and holding flowers in her hand; the second, a little girl carrying a basket of fruit; the third, a mother and her two children resting on their journey. 'Heart's-ease,' a pendent work to 'The Lily'—being treated in a similar way—and 'The Dream of Love,'

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

a life-size study of a female head, were exhibited in 1858; the latter is in the collection of Mr. C. F. Huth, whose family has long been one of the chief private patrons of the artist; but the picture-dealers are so well acquainted with the merits of Mr. Baxter's works, that they are generally "bespoken" before the public has a sight of them. 'Smiling Morn,' and 'Summer' (1858); 'Little Red Riding Hood' (1859); 'The Queen of the Claddach, Galway' (1861); 'Olivia' and 'The Colleen Bawn' (1862); and 'The Ballad' (1863), complete the list, with 'A GALWAY PRASANT GIRL'—one of our illustrations, and which was never exhibited—of the principal pictures painted by this artist which are not actual portraits.

It will be sufficiently obvious that where the critic has to deal with subjects so similar in character and so simple in themselves, there is little or no room left him for comment beyond the iteration of particular statements. Mr. Baxter is essentially a painter of female beauty, and in this light he must be regarded as inferior to no living artist.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



MAY.

1	S.	<i>Fifth Sunday after Easter. Rogation Sun.</i>
2	M.	Royal Academy opens.—British Museum
3	Tu.	[closes.—Inst. Brit. Arch. Ann. Meeting.
4	W.	Society of Arts. Meet. [Soc. Meet.
5	Th.	<i>Ascension Day. Holy Thursday.—Antiq.</i>
6	F.	Archæological Inst. Meet.—Royal Inst.
7	S.	[Meet.—New Moon. Oh. 18m. A.M.
8	S.	<i>Sunday after Ascension.</i>
9	M.	Easter Term ends.—British Museum opens.
10	Tu.	
11	W.	Soc. of Arts. Meet.—Architec. Assoc. Meet.
12	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
13	F.	Architectural Assoc. Meet.—Moon's First
14	S.	Oxford Term ends. [Qr. 6h. 20m. P.M.



Designed by W. Harvey.]

15	S.	<i>Whit Sunday.</i>
16	M.	Institute British Architects. Meeting.
17	Tu.	
18	W.	Society of Arts. Meet.—Oxford Term begins.
19	Th.	
20	F.	Royal Institution. Meeting.
21	S.	Full Moon. 1h. 24m. P.M.
22	S.	<i>Trinity Sunday.</i>
23	M.	Trinity Term begins.
24	Tu.	Queen Victoria born, 1819.
25	W.	Soc. of Arts. Meet.—Archæol. Assoc. Meet.
26	Th.	Antiq. Soc.—Moon's Last Qr. 9h. 20m. A.M.
27	F.	Royal Inst. Meet.—Architec. Assoc. Meet.
28	S.	
29	S.	<i>First Sunday after Trinity.</i>
30	M.	Institute British Architects. Meeting.
31	Tu.	



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.]

ART-WORK IN MAY.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

WHAT has become of our dear old seasonal customs? Their outward forms remain to us, but their spirit is assuredly gone, thanks to railways and mechanics' institutes. Who goes a-Maying now? There was a time when the king and queen went royally, on the first of May, to the pleasant meadow of Smithfield, witnessed feats of archery, gave prizes, and were entertained by masques and dances worthy of the spectators. At the present time Maying seems as obsolete as Smithfield archery; the masques survive but in the futile "Jack-in-the-Green," and the only Smithfield missile is the perennial "cat."

There used to be a time when "Jack-in-the-Green" was really a picturesque personage: his verdant fortress being crowned with floral diadems, and his attendants dressed with taste as well as with eccentricity. Though "My Lord" and "My Lady" had taken the place of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and wore a cocked hat, uniform coat and silken skirt, instead of the jerkin and kirtle of their prototypes; though the "Jack" was but a perambulating substitute for the legitimate and stationary Maypole; though the dragon was absent, and both St. George and his hobby-horse had long ago vanished; though the zany, with his bell-hung hood and resounding bauble, had given way to the clown of the pantomime, all hideous with chalk and vermilion,—still the dresses were really dresses, meaning something, and the dances were carefully prepared and practised beforehand.

In some favoured places these customs may still exist, and if so, I hope that some painter will find them out and fix them on his canvas before they pass away, and, like the mammoth and the dodo, leave but their dry bones behind. For now-a-days, the "Jack-in-the-Green" is the sole surviving relic of May-day, and a woful and soul-depressing sight he is. Gone are My Lord and Lady, passed into oblivion with Robin Hood and his fair bride. Any bundle of leaves does for a "green," and "Jack" is seldom sober after ten o'clock A.M. As for dresses, tags of ribbon, and rags of gaudy stuff sewn at random over the costume of ordinary life are considered sufficient for the occasion, and in lieu of paint, the face is dabbed with patches of unnecessary soot. Washing the intermediate spaces would produce quite as striking a contrast, and be more beneficial to the health.

Where are the morris-dancers, for whom we used to look on old May-day? It is now exactly twenty years ago since I saw the last morris-dancers, and a pretty sight they were. Eight young men dressed all in white, half wearing crimson, and the other half blue, favours, and each wielding a stout truncheon, stood face to face in two lines, waiting for the music to begin. After a few preliminary bars had been played, the dance commenced by every alternate man striking at the head of his opponent, who guarded the blow and returned it in time to the music. They then trod a curiously complicated measure, quite as intricate as the "Lancers," and as they wound in and out, passed between each other, or crossed in parallel lines, their staves made a spirited castanet-like accompaniment to the music. This was, in fact, a modification of the sword-dance so vividly described in Walter Scott's "Pirate;" but I only once saw it danced with swords instead of staves. The swords were short, blunt, and furnished with huge basket-guards, very like those conventional weapons which are used for terrific combats on the stage. They were of

good material, however, for the sparks flew bravely as the blades clashed—much to the gratification of the spectators.

The term "morris" is evidently a corruption of "mauresque," the earlier masques having appeared in the character of Moors. The game of Nine Men's Morris, so popular in many counties of England, and which has lately achieved a metropolitan importance under the title of Merelles, is so named because the various positions into which the nine "men" are thrown bear some resemblance to the evolutions of the living morris-dancers.

Only one May-day ceremony survives, and that may soon pass away. I allude to the Tissington well-dressing. *Esto perpetua*. Oh that I were an artist, to perpetuate that most poetical of observances! Even in the olden times, the simple grace of the flower-decked fountains must have held its own against the gaudy pageants which ushered in the May, as the sweet scent of the flowers contrasted freshly with the smoke of the censers. Often have I witnessed the pretty ceremony, have admired the moving groups as they passed from well to well, headed by the clergyman in his white robes, and backed by the floral architecture which surrounded each well. How touching is the brief service at each little spring, thanking the Lord for His gift of pure water, and having for its key-note the familiar words, "O ye wells, bless ye the Lord! praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

Another May ceremony still endures, but as it is hard to depict I say little of it. Our notice of May would, however, be imperfect without the mention of May-day at Oxford, as seen from the summit of Magdalene tower. At early dawn the choir ascends to the roof of the lofty campanile, accompanied by a chosen band of friends, and there sing the May-day Anthem. If you wish to hear the anthem, you must go at least half a mile to windward, for you will hear nothing of it at the foot of the tower, and little at the top. And, as soon as the last notes have died away, how the bells clang out their joyous peal, and how fearfully the old tower rocks from side to side, swaying like a fir-tree in the breeze. If any one would like to test his nerves, he can do so by putting his head just over the balustrade and keeping his eyes fixed on the base of the building. I have seen strong men go laughingly to the trial, draw back with an irrepressible shriek as the building seemed to topple over, and sink down, sick with terror.

Flowers in plenty are now to be found, some of them far richer, more luxuriant, and possessing a sweeter perfume than can be found at any other time of the year. The lilac, for instance, droops heavily with its clusters of pink or white blossoms, waving gracefully with every breath of air, and loading the breezes with perfume. The laburnum, too, is also blossom-laden, its short-lived flowers dangling in beautiful contrast with the peculiar soft green of its leaves. It seems a thousand pities that the golden clusters should so soon fade away and be replaced by blackened pods.

Now the May, as it is, *par excellence*, called, is in full bloom, the hedges looking as if they had been suddenly covered with snow. And after a few weeks, when the petals begin to fall, and a tolerably high wind has arisen, any one might be deluded into the idea that a snow-storm had recently passed by, so thickly do the white blossoms lie beneath the hedge, blown off by the wind, and retained by the shelter. Those who wish to see what "May" can really do, should visit the Phoenix Park, near Dublin, when the thorn is in full blossom; and if they can appreciate beauty, they will not easily make

up their minds to leave it. In some parts of Ireland, by the way, the lily of the valley is popularly called May.

Now the wild rose is in full flower, its soft, pinky petals enlivening the otherwise monotonous hedgerow; and though almost devoid of scent and severely simple, it possesses a nameless charm which causes it to be loved no less than its magnificent offspring, the fragrant Rose of our gardens. This flower, with its thousand and one varieties, is now in full bloom, and to this month and its successor the Rose amateurs look with mingled hope and anxiety through the other ten months of the year. As the rose is in bloom, its unfailing attendant, the rose-chaffer is sure also to be found, sometimes hiding its mail of burnished green in the deep recess of the petals, sometimes humming through the air with peaceful wing, and sometimes pushing its way out of the murky cell wherein it has passed the winter.

The horse-chestnut now puts forth its matchless powers, and in a few days clothes itself with an unbroken flowery garment, until it becomes a very pyramid of pink-flecked snow, enclosing a tree in its white walls. Least perfume be wanting, the wild honeysuckle opens its spurred blossoms, scenting the air far and near with its unrivalled odour, and the white elder-flowers put forth their sweet and soft fragrance in the hedges. The soil teems with flowers, from the polished gold of the buttercup and the modest daisy, that "pearled Arcturus of the earth, that constellated flower that never sets," to the proud, tall foxglove, with her many rings, the brilliant lychnis, and the protean orchides, imitating with such wonderful fidelity butterflies, bees, flies, men, and lizards. The yellow-flowered celandine now blossoms in the churchyards, and is yet even thought in some places to be an infallible remedy for specks on the eye. Its pretty name is merely a corruption of chelidonium, or swallow-flower—a title given to it because the rustics generally believe that swallows are blind when they are first hatched, and do not gain their sight until their parents have placed some of the celandine on their eyes.

Wallflowers are now in full bloom; so are snapdragons; and the pretty, tiny little flower that is sometimes called the "wandering sailor," or ivy snapdragon, dangles its flowerets from old walls. In marshy spots the cotton grass grows plentifully, and sheds its white thread-masses to every wind that blows; and by the banks of rivers many a wild flower blooms, the chief of which are the water iris, with its yellow petals, and the starry crow-foot, with its shining white blossoms.

There is but little farm work to be done in this month, and except that the cattle are now turned into the pastures, and a few late sowings to be completed, there are not many agricultural subjects for the artist.

Rook-shooting begins towards the end of this month; and though perhaps hardly to be reckoned as a sporting subject, is at all events spirited enough to be worthy of the pencil. How busy are the gunners below! how carefully they take their aim, and how each exults as his black victim comes tumbling to the ground with a mighty thump, or lodges in the boughs, and has to be recovered by the aid of some adventurous urchin! How pitiful do the young rooks appear, as they perch upon the branches from which they cannot yet fly! how they start and spread their wings whenever a bullet passes near them, and how they jerk upwards when struck, and collapse at once into mere bundles of black feathers! Neither is rook-shooting such very bad sport, after all, provided that shot-guns be prohibited, and rifles or cross-bows be the only weapons allowed.

In this month occurs, or ought to occur, the picturesque phenomenon of bee-swarming, and happy is the apiarian whose bees behave as bees ought to do. For, according to the old proverb—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;"

whereas, if the insects postpone their migration for another month, the—

"Swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;"

or, if they wait for yet a month—

"A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly."

I know few more picturesque sights than a fine May-day in a bee-keeping village. As the black insect-masses hang from the hives, how anxious are the watchers, for they know by long experience that bees are perverse and unreasonable insects, and that if they are left unwatched for just two minutes, they are sure to seize that opportunity and fly away out of sight.

Then, as soon as they have fairly taken to wing, what a *charivari* is there in the village! The key of the house has long been placed in the frying-pan—no other key will do, according to the popular ideas—and as soon as the swarm dissolves and rises in the air, the key is rung violently against the iron pan, in hopes of inducing the bees to settle in the garden. Often, however, the swarm ascends to some height, and then starts off to unknown grounds. Away go the proprietors after it, heedless where they tread, but keeping their fixed eyes on the flying swarm, and jingling their rude instruments with might and main. Sometimes, on a very favourable day, several swarms belonging to different proprietors start at once, and then the *charivari* becomes positively brilliant, keys and frying-pans are ringing all over the village, and excited owners are chasing their flying property, regardless of falls, and caring for nothing but hiving the swarm.

Bees choose strange places for alighting. The easiest swarm-taking that I ever witnessed was when the insects settled on the middle round of a ladder which was leaning against a wall; for all that was needful was to hold the hive under the swarm, to give the ladder a sharp shake, and so to let the black, seething mass drop into the future home. Sometimes they choose the very end of a branch of some lofty tree, and then there is great balancing of ladders, and cautious climbing of some venturesome light weight, who goes up with the "skep" on his head, a cloth over his shoulders, and a rope round his waist. Holding tightly by his legs to the ladder, he shakes the bees into the skep, ties them up in the cloth, lowers the newly-stocked hive by the rope, and comes down radiant with success. Rustic villagers have boundless faith in the virtues of the door-key in connection with bees. If a death occurs in the family, the key must be struck three times on each hive, the inmates must be informed of the loss which they have sustained, and a knot of black ribbon be solemnly pinned on the hive. A similar ceremony takes place at a wedding, except that the ribbon is white instead of black. Any neglect of these formula would cause the bees to desert the hive, through resentment at their neglectful treatment.

I would not have mentioned the bees at such length, were it not that artists, if we may judge from many extant works, have very confused ideas of bee-swarming in the country; and though an ancient dame standing in her doorway knocking a *poker* against a frying-pan, while the bees are still quietly flying about their own hives, may be very picturesque and full of "repose," she is doubly offending against the custom of the country,

and would never be seen except in a lunatic asylum. There is no repose in "bee-ringing," for as long as the perpetual jangling continues, every one is in a state of fiery excitement; it begins when the bees take to wing, and as soon as they have alighted it ceases. Theoretically, it is thought to charm the bees and make them settle; practically, it is an assertion of ownership, entitling the proprietor to recover his bees, even though they should alight in another man's house. If, on the contrary, a swarm of bees settle in a garden and have not been "rung," the owner of the garden is entitled to the bees, and this is the real reason why so careful a watch is kept upon them.

The insect tribes have now come forth by myriads, and on any warm day, the brilliant butterflies, the various bees and wasps and the shining flies, are on the wing. Chief among the insects of this month is that which has universally obtained the name of Mayfly, the well-known ephemera whose short life has afforded themes to many a poet and naturalist. Wherever a stream flows the Mayfly flourishes, and in some places the insects are developed in such countless myriads that they fill the air like snow-flakes in a storm, fall as thickly into the water, and the fishes become so gorged with the winged, but helpless prey, that they cannot be induced to take a bait. In itself, the Mayfly presents little worthy of the artist's pencil, but its presence is at all events a proof that the trout-fisher is pursuing his graceful sport, and he at least can afford many a subject for the pencil or brush, under the conditions that have already been mentioned when treating of sporting matters.

THE HUNTER

(H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR).

FROM THE STATUE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

A "COMPANION" statue to that of H.R.H. Prince Leopold—symbolised as 'The Fisher'—engraved in our last month's number. Of the two, this is, perhaps, the more graceful figure, viewed artistically, while the other has greater energy of action, and consequently there is in it a larger field for the display of anatomical modelling, to which the almost entire absence of drapery offers additional resources.

Resting lightly on his spear, with one leg thrown easily back, the young huntsman seems about to waken the echoes of some classic region as he sounds the *reveil* on his antique-shaped horn. The figure belongs not to our time; he might have followed in the train of Apollo when he hunted with Diana, or in that of Dido when she led forth Æneas from the proud city of Carthage to enjoy the pleasures of the chase:—

"The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods for sylvan game resort."

Regarding the statue independent of its personality, it has a highly pleasing character, heightened by the several picturesque features of the costume; the embroidered belt holding the knife, &c., the rich border of the tunic, the feet with its high sandals—all these details contribute no small share to what constitutes a most agreeable whole. And if we look at it as a faithful portrait of a scion of our royal house, it commends itself to the loyal feelings of a people whose attachment to the throne is no less sincere than it is universal. We should like to see this statue and its companion reproduced, small, in Parian, for sale; they could not fail to be highly popular: so also would others be of the junior branches of our royal family. Sculptures being more enduring than paintings are so far preferable to the latter, especially when employed as memorials of those occupying a high position: it is, in fact, only through the former art we know the features of those who lived many centuries ago.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

THE FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE review of this exhibition is a duty; would that we could say an unmixed pleasure. But the truth must be spoken: there is an old leaven upon these walls, which year by year becomes staler and more unprofitable; the same outworn ideas are season after season served up, dressed in the selfsame threadbare garb, with here and there a false jewel stuck on to disguise a shabby poverty. Yet were it indeed strange, if from among a thousand works some thirty or forty pictures cannot be discovered which shall rescue the Exhibition from neglect and obloquy. Sweeping censure, like indiscriminate praise, is unjust and worthless. Therefore does it become the duty of the critic, beyond the general verdict he may pass, to take the trouble carefully to weigh the merits of individual pictures, to bring into notice works otherwise in danger of oblivion, and specially to offer the word of encouragement to young painters and ardent students, as yet for a season divided between hope and misgiving, and beset by the many perplexities and dangers which invariably chequer the path of the aspirant on his first entrance on a professional career. And societies such as that of the British Artists have indeed in this respect an important mission in the world. Handsome, spacious, and well-lighted rooms like those in Suffolk Street give an unknown artist the much coveted opportunity of proclaiming his merits. The greatest men even have had small beginnings, and long before a student can hope to be recognised on the line of the Royal Academy, he must not only be a picture painter but a bread-winner; he lives in order to paint, but he must also paint that he may live. Some censors in the public press, not duly considering that in the world of Art there are thus necessarily and even fortunately differences of gifts and diversities of administration, have sought to write down all galleries which do not attain to their own ideal standard. This we conceive to be an error. We believe that in the interests of artists, of Art, and of the public at large, the greater the number of exhibitions the better; and the mere fact that any association can open its door for forty-one years in succession affords all but convincing evidence that there is a sphere for its energies and a felt want which it continues to supply. The danger which besets these undertakings has always been a slow but sure decadence; and through this peril the Society of British Artists is now passing, with doubt still darkening the future as to the impending issue. What chiefly must be looked to in all such cases of decaying vitality, is the infusion into the old body of young and vigorous blood, which shall secure a renewed tenure of life. Some good names in the catalogue, recently added to the list of members, and a few equally excellent pictures to be discovered on the walls, may yet give to the friends of the society the wished-for assurance of prolonged existence and extended usefulness.

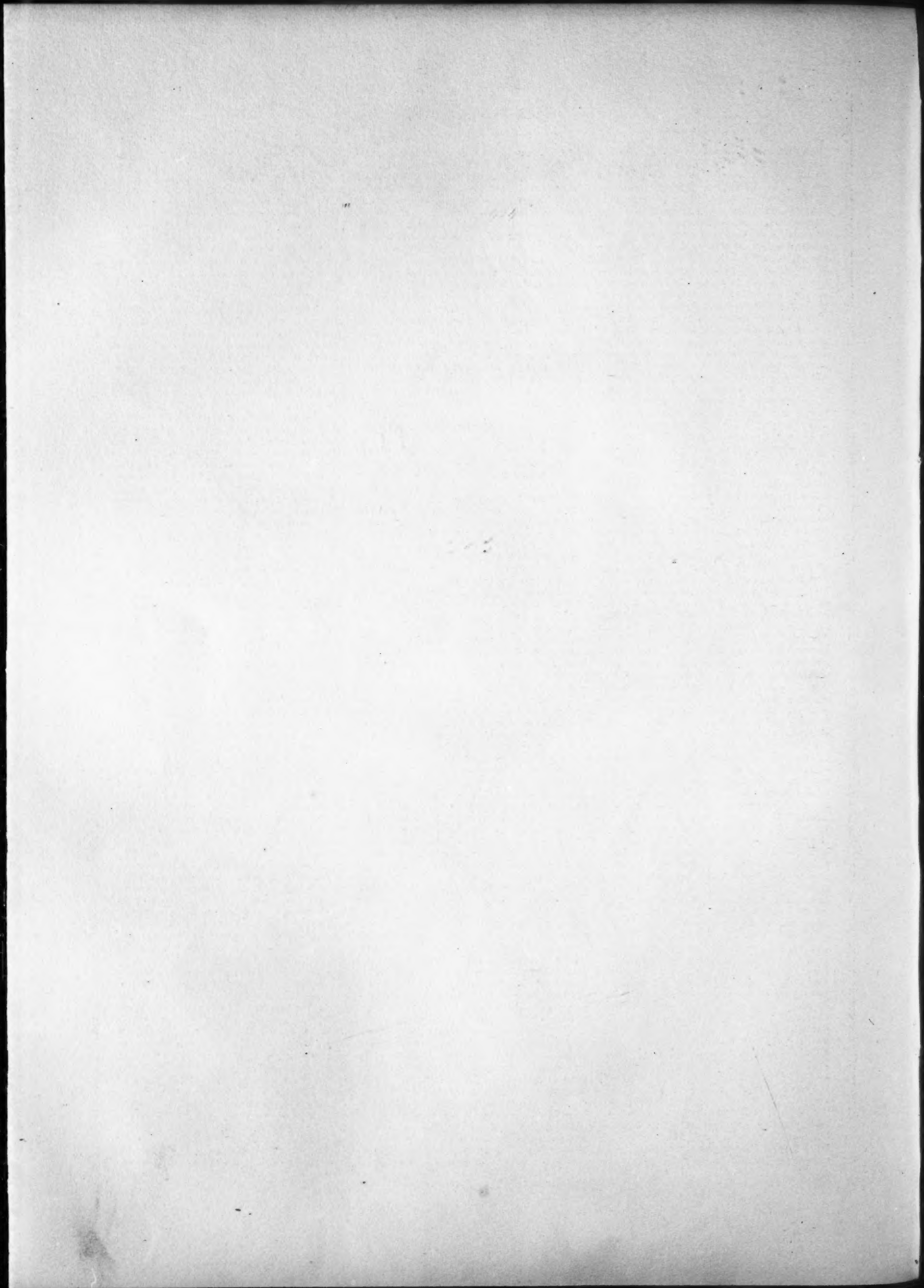
Before entering on a detailed examination of the confused multitude of pictures crowded into five thickly hung rooms, we may with advantage enumerate a few leading works which claim special distinction. The *Fæd* school of simple life in a rustic cottage is represented by W. CROSBY's impressive reading of a touching incident, 'The Pastor's Visit' to the aged sick. The numerous class of compositions which in every gallery seize on the stirring life and adventure that encircle our stormy coast, obtain in T. ROBERTS'



THE HUNTER.

(H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR.)

ENGRAVED BY E. W. STODART, FROM THE STATUE BY M^{RS} THORNYCROFT.



'Beaching of the Life-boat,' a capital example. Themes always prolific, such as a party round a portfolio, or singers standing at a piano, have furnished Mr. HAYLLAR with 'A Family Group,' rendered attractive by unpretending good taste. Again, within the same narrow range of domestic incidents does W. BROMLEY find in his picture of 'The Photographer' a fortunate topic for a charming composition. Such pictures serve as adornings to the dreary expanse of wide extending walls. Here and there, moreover, the prevailing commonplace has the advantage of being broken by some startling eccentricity. The untiring labour inflicted by pretended Pre-Raphaelite fidelity, the austerity which was the misfortune of Cimabue and other Italian Pre-Raphaelites, obtain in W. DENBY, through his large picture called 'The Calamities of War at the Siege of Moab,' an uncompromising disciple. On the other hand, the German branch of this school, which dates from Van Eyck and Memling, has met with a no less able and still more inveterate exponent in J. TISSOT, who celebrates 'The Return of the Prodigal Son' to a gabled town in the Low Countries. After the mortification brought upon the sense of grace by these angular austerities, it is pleasing to pass to heads and forms of professed beauty, such as those which come from the easel of Mr. BAXTER; and then if the visitor desire to forsake wholly the stern reality of earth, he has only to make a plunge at a canvas whereon Mr. WOOLMER pours forth his dreamy delicious reveries. And so, gliding from voluptuous Boccaccio to sylvan BODDINGTON, and his brethren in the flesh or of the brush, we may by turns indulge in a feast fit for the Arabian Nights, or enjoy with more temperate sense scenes suited to an English pic-nic. The landscapes in this gallery, whether we search for subjects rendered glorious by a grand effect, or for more humble haunts made truthful by minutest detail, are certainly worthy of no stinted praise. For the present we have said sufficient to show that after a first entry on these rooms, works abide in the memory which will invite to renewed visits and repeated examinations.

Often has it been matter of regret that high Art is all but extinct. The President of this society, Mr. HURLSTONE, has, however, determined to make one more heroic effort for its rescue. He has taken for his theme, 'Mazeppa tended by the Cossack Maid' (239). The victim of the Byronic story is seen reclining on a pillow. He has indeed but just opened his eyes to find himself "released from adding to the vultures' feast." The horse, or the ghost of the horse, to which he was bound, passes in post haste before the window. The sympathising "Cossack maid," "long hair'd and tall," is watching by his side, a distaff in one hand, the finger of the other upon her lip, in

"Signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free."

This picture is of a size which would impart grandeur, were the execution more after the grand manner. The theme indeed might have recalled poetic associations, if only the treatment had been in keeping. It is a pity that a good idea should thus miss its high aim. Perhaps the "slender girl" is the best painted portion of the picture. Her form is lovely, her features nobly fashioned and largely modelled; vigour is stamped in every line, health glows in the ruddy colour, and the true Byronic voluptuousness swells in the full bust, and lurks in the lulled passion of the eye. Of the hair which flows in a shower of gold upon the shoulders, we may be permitted the regret that it should partake of

the coarseness of rank sedges growing by the water's side. As for poor Mazeppa, he is in a sad plight, but hopes will be entertained of his recovery. He looks as if he may still live to do more desperate deeds. We have, however, anxious fears whether his anatomy will ever recover from the cruel mauling it has undergone. His neck certainly could scarcely be in more desperate condition, had the poor fellow been just cut down from a hanging; his right hand especially, as well as the forearm, have certainly been pulled terribly out of all shape; and the drapery is heaped together as if in an emergency of life and death little account could be taken of the toilette. These we feel quite sure cannot be set down as oversights or accidental defects. On the contrary, we are persuaded they must be accepted as intentional traits, designed to enhance the effect of a thoroughly matured composition, intended in all its parts to speak in moving accents to the heart of every beholder. Presidents are, not without reason, expected to aspire to these the highest walks of their profession.

Mr. T. ROBERTS, the secretary of this society, paints with a care which preserves from rash daring, and with a detail that saves from slovenly breadth. His picture of last year, 'Reading the Scriptures,' obtained in these pages the commendation it was known to merit. His work in the present exhibition, 'The Beaching of the Life-boat' (158), is larger and more ambitious. The small execution which this artist rightly adopted when narrating minor incidents, here wants the vigour commensurate with a canvas on a greater scale. Altogether the treatment fails in force and effect. Herein is the defect; but, on the other hand, the merits, which are many and rare, are countervailing. The scene depicted is grand, even terrible. The angry storm-tossed sea lashes the rock-bound coast as if ready to devour and swallow up the solid earth. Black clouds have blotted out the light of day. The mast of the lost vessel is just seen above the raging tide; and then here in the foreground comes a life-boat in the act of grounding the beach, crowded with a crew rescued from the drowning,

"When landed safe, what joys to tell,
Of all the dangers that befall."

The dangers, however, have scarcely passed; the women and the children are not yet through their fright; and a tender girl, whom the artist has portrayed lovingly, half dead with cold and drenching, is borne to the shore. On the beach itself a group of imperturbable sailors haul in the boat from the raging surf, and by their side women mingle joy and fear. In the boat itself an old man, venerable in white locks, has fallen upon his knees, and with raised hands to heaven renders thanks for the great deliverance. The picture thus contains not fewer than thirty figures, on each one of which has been bestowed praiseworthy care and no inconsiderable knowledge. Many of the heads are elaborated into apt and strong expression, and the action of the body and limbs has been well looked after. Altogether this picture merits much praise. Before entering the exhibition it obtained a purchaser, and it is every way suited for again coming before the public, as an engraving.

'The Return of the Prodigal Son' (259), by J. TISSOT, is another leading, though in sequel to the last a widely different, work, which yet it is impossible to pass by without careful analysis. This is not an eastern prodigal, but a dissipated son of Flanders, wherein Van Eyck in the fourteenth century was accustomed to treat of Scripture in the costume and after the manner of the mediæval German period. It will be recollected that Leys—whose works in the Belgium department of the International Exhibition

obtained great renown—has revived, not without a certain success after its kind, this obsolete style. J. Tissot belongs to the school of Leys, and, as usually befalls an imitator, it has been his ill luck to out-Herod Herod. The scene is laid in a courtyard or square of a German town, and we behold in the midst the prodigal on his knees. The father comes down a flight of stone steps to fall upon the neck of his son; the mother stands scolding at the top. All the neighbours are in dismay, including the carpenters disturbed in their vocation of sawing firewood. This kind of picture is a positive protest against beauty. It deliberately sets at naught all our pre-concerted notions of grace in form, harmony of line, and concord in action. That the prodigal himself should be found in the most woeful of plights may be but the sign of an avenging justice visiting his transgressions. Yet we cannot but remark that a certain family likeness runs throughout every group. A pronounced angularity, stiffness, and awkwardness have laid hold on the entire household; and surely a marvellous harmony reigns in this canvas among all objects, whether animate or inanimate. In the figures, the sharp pointing of the elbows seems as a replica to the angles in the gables of the houses, and the abrupt and quaint lines of the drapery are like to the wooden clothing of the austere façades. Of course it will be urged in defence that the school, of which this is certainly an example, is earnest, sincere, solemn, and conscientious. This, within certain limitations, we do not deny; but yet we hesitate not to pronounce such works a mistake. A picture has no right to pretend to be an archaeological curiosity. If it have nature, it must be not a fossilised nature, but a living reality. The great talent of this individual work we do not deny, but such pictures cannot escape the condemnation of being anachronisms, if not indeed monstrosities. We observe, as a matter of fact, that a smile comes upon the majority of faces on the first view of this extraordinary performance.

'The Calamities of War at the Siege of Moab' (372), by W. DENBY, challenges criticism by its style, subject, and size. In size it is one of the largest pictures in the exhibition, in subject it attracts attention by its horrors, and in style it is conspicuous from its revival of the manner of the Italian Pre-Raphaelites. Josephus writes that the king of Moab, when he was pursued, endured a siege, and being reduced to despair, ordered his eldest son to be lifted upon the wall, and directed a fire to be kindled beneath, in order that a whole burnt offering might be made to God. The painter has carried out the text of the historian to the letter. The king's son, stripped of his clothes, is laid out in the centre of the picture, and faggots beneath are ready to consume the victim. Some of the citizens are aghast, others indifferent. The artist has not attained a triumph proportioned to his labours. The drawing and the execution, however, evince a diligent study which, if in the future well directed, can scarcely fail of reward. 'The Trial Scene in the "Merchant of Venice"' (678), by A. B. DONALDSON, is another picture which aspires towards the arduous summit crowned by high Art, not without a certain measure of success. The drawing certainly lacks knowledge; the two eyes in a head do not always look together, and the articulation underneath the drapery is, to say the least, shaky and indecisive. Yet notwithstanding these defects, which prevent the work from taking a first-class, the picture must be pronounced pleasing in general harmony of colour, smooth and careful in execution, and refined in the general type of the features.

'The Hebrew Mother' (459), by F. UNDERHILL, as the rendering of a sacred subject, is certainly very far wrong. Here is common nature brought still further down by a rude execution, fatal to soarings towards high or sacred Art. The treatment would have been capital for a rustic figure bearing home a bundle of sticks.

Domestic or rustic subjects are here, as usual with all our exhibitions, large in number, and conspicuous for success. Of this class, 'The Pastor's Visit' (607), by W. CROSBY, has most signal merit. This picture indeed takes foremost rank in the school of Mr. Faed, now over-crowded with disciples. The impressive scene is concisely indicated in the following "Extract from a Letter" published in the catalogue:—"Poor father fades fast: we have got him a hearing-trumpet, and 'tis fine to see on the visits of our pastor how eagerly he drinks in, with Helen's help, the consoling words of that good man." In the picture the old and sick peasant is seated by the fire, his legs crossed, his hands clasped, and the Bible on his knee. His daughter, Helen, holds a trumpet to his ear, and by his elbow kneels the pastor in prayer. On the other side of this cottage home is another family group, in which a mother quieting the restless tossings of her baby in the cradle plays a prominent part. The abounding accessories, such as medicine bottle, kettle, saucepan, candlestick, and a dozy cat, are faithfully portrayed and properly placed for the balance of the complex composition. As to the sentiment, it is all that can be desired—simple, earnest, pathetic. This certainly is one of the most commendable works in the whole exhibition. 'The Sempstress' (593), by Mrs. CURWEN GRAY, a picture of sentiment and sympathy, has been suggested by the well-known lines of Thomas Hood:—

"O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you are wearing out,
But human creatures' lives."

This stanza the painter has transcribed with touching pathos in the picture before us, and we doubt not by further practice in her Art she will acquire technical skill to realise the ideal after which she strives. R. W. DOWLING, whose progress has been jealously watched by zealous friends, has certainly made marked advance. To the present exhibition he brings a couple of works less ambitious than has been his wont, and proportionately more successful. 'Grandfather's Visit' (413) is a pleasant, well-put-together composition. In an interior, however, of this cabinet size, which invites to close inspection, greater delicacy and more detail would be of advantage in the disposition and the carrying out of the draperies. A small picture (70) by the same artist, taken from Hannah More's "Moses in the Bulrushes," attains considerable mastery, and is handled in a large manner befitting the subject.

The number of successful lady artists in this exhibition bids fair for the rights of women in a sphere to which their powers are well fitted. We have just above called attention to a picture by Mrs. Gray; we will now direct favourable notice to a praiseworthy work by Miss EDWARDS. The offspring of her intellect and easel she christens 'War Tidings' (345), which, notwithstanding a certain cold chalkiness of colour, forms an admirable picture. A father, mother, and children, grouped together in a room, which is adorned with portraits and cabinets after the olden times, and in the manner of polite society, listen with anxiety, if not in dismay, to the reading of a gazette. 'War's Tidings' forebode danger, and bespeak a tragedy. The artist has escaped the conventionalities which have

long reduced this class of subjects to commonplace; and trusting to her own individual ideas, she has produced a picture of more than usual independence. 'Private and Confidential' (135) is the generic title which J. COLLINSON has bestowed on a child's secret. A little girl is whispering at the ear of her mother words momentous to the young and earnest heart. The idea is pretty; the drawing shows knowledge and a precision of hand, and the execution is exact. 'Preparing for the Gude Man' (105), by H. KING, is one of those small and careful cottage interiors which seldom wait long for a purchaser. G. W. BROWNLOW'S 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' (104), exemplified by a girl on a stool and a boy on the table, the one plating straw, the other playing a penny whistle, is another of the simple village incidents which transfer takingly to canvas. Again W. HEMSLEY, in his two little pictures, shows himself as ever an adept in the delineation of the trivial incidents of humble life, wherein Wordsworth thought to discover a vein of golden poetry more rich than the treasure of princes. W. Hemsley, however, has a love for fun, which Wordsworth had not. 'A Lesson in Knitting' (85) is painted with this artist's usual force and truth of character. 'An Eye to the Future' (76), by the same hand, is a cabinet picture of two young shipwrights, who view their tiny boats with anxious eye, as if the fate of empires or the future power of the British navy were dependent on the truth of the keel their knives have carved. Thus does W. Hemsley, as of old, thrust satire into his subject, and point an incident with pungent humour. 'Vanity' (303), by S. B. HALLE, is a firmly painted head, after the larger and more polished Dutch style, taken from the model, which this painter has rendered familiar to our exhibitions. 'Winter Provender—Cabbage and Bacon' (175), by G. A. HOLMES, two pictures in one frame—a girl carrying a bouncing cabbage, and a boy bearing away a squeaking pig—are graphic enough, though not erring on the score of over refinement. 'Study of a Head' (192), by C. S. LIDDERDALE, cannot, even among the multitude of small competing canvases, escape the notice which it merits. This female head, which is indeed a "study" in the best sense of the term, is painted with Mr. Lidderdale's usual precision in drawing and singleness of aim; the detail he throws in has been selected with a purpose; it is sufficient in itself, and not more than sufficient, to give to his subject individual character. We must not forget in passing, Mrs. ROBINSON'S 'Pets' (228), showing an endearing caress between a child, who has crowned herself with a garland gathered in the fields, and a love of a gazelle; two pretty little "pets" assuredly.

E. J. COBBETT has several works in his usual broad, effective style, which may be taken for a rude protest against the over elaboration of Pre-Raphaelite finesse and finish. One of these performances, which always seem sure of a certain amount of loud popular applause, goes by the name of 'Breakfast' (13). Here is a rustic girl eating her unmannerly meal out of a pail, and this is usually deemed nature unsophisticated. The picture has power and breadth, and herewith comes effect. J. NUTHER'S 'Children at Play' (484), though not of passing charms, may be commended. An exhibition would, now-a-days, want a looked for attraction did A. PROVIS fail to contribute one or more of his detailed Dutch interiors. 'Feeding Time' (727) furnishes a good pretext for bringing together a crowd of small materials into a circumstantial narrative of trifles over which this painter dotes with delighted pencil. Here, in a hovel of broken wall and pic-

turesque fireplace, oven, window, and door, are a young mother and her children, superintending the feast of the pet rabbits on carrots and cabbages. Mr. Provis is known to paint these small Dutch interiors to perfection. W. BROMLEY contributes some charming little groups after the Wilkie and Webster school. His most polished work he calls 'The Photographer' (72), which justly commands a central post of honour in the chief room. A couple of urchins are here slyly playing "the photographer," and accordingly have cleverly improvised a camera out of a stool, a music-book, and a table cloth. The little brothers and their elder sister are posing themselves according to the rules of Art into a picturesque family group on the sofa. The picture is executed with a smoothness and polish suited to parlour life. Among pictures which celebrate the annals of the poor, H. KING'S 'Valentine' (704) is, above its fellows, conspicuous for its true refinement. The face and figure of this simple girl the artist has rendered lovely. With a tact sure of its end, the painter concentrates his colour round the head as the centre to which the eye should tend.

A cottage, especially love in a cottage, may have its charms; but for our part we confess to prefer even in the feigned world of pictures a more artificial sphere of life. And among paintings which leave the kitchen for the drawing-room, none hit off the manner of good society with such style and ease as the compositions contributed by J. HAYLLAR. There may be a certain rustic romance in the contemplation of a country lass resting her milk-pail on a stile, but for ourselves we reserve a predilection for the true and even the fine lady, such as Mr. Hayllar can portray. Two single figures, 'At the Theatre' (12), and 'The Engagement Card' (16), have the advantage of high birth and beauty set off by dress in the best taste. This, after a surfeit of what has not inaptly been termed "back-kitchen Art," is an agreeable change. 'A Family Group' (294), by the same artist, has the manner which the French delight in. Papa is showing the riches of his portfolio to his little children, who open their eyes wide with wonder. The youngest of the household, yet a denizen on its mother's knee, seems to have caught the bright ideas which fire the more matured intellects of the elder brother and sister. This canvas is kept quiet in the subdued greys which inhere to modern costume and comport with the unostentatious bearing of well-bred people.

This gallery is adorned by a galaxy of beauty—an attraction as essential to a successful exhibition as to a pleasant evening party. 'Bite him, Tiny' (101), is the somewhat vicious language which Mr. BAXTER has put into the mouth of one of his most dainty of damsels. A too forward lover, hiding, we presume, beyond the confines of this picture, the lady calls upon the terrier in her arms to keep at respectful distance. This girl, indeed, needs a care-taker; she is, without question, one of Mr. Baxter's most lovely creations—clear of complexion, ripening into blushing red, of soft velvet skin, with a tenderness of sentiment which seems to speak both of the joy and the sorrow of the heart. J. HARWOOD contributes another beauty (71), certainly of not so dangerous a lustre as the last; yet she seems to have posed herself elegantly for admiration, bearing herself all the while with an unconsciousness which carries the pride of indifference. A partial friend has written in her praise two lines of poetry here printed in the catalogue. Another dame (452), the ideal of H. M. HAY, who also seems to keep a poet at his service, is "following the track of a lover" on the terrestrial globe. We will venture to

suggest to the artist next year the transfer of the scene to the celestial orb, with the well-worn lines from the "Lady of Lyons" about choosing a star for a dwelling-place when love becomes immortal. Mr. Hay knows how to put together his subject with a certain effect. But to change the topic, let us turn to one of the most winning figures in these rooms, a child in her night-dress, with a pet dog in her arms (426), painted by G. BONAVIA. The simple beauty of this head is truly delightful after the garish show of its companions of an older growth, and the artist is especially to be lauded for the skill with which he has rounded the features in gentle yet full relief from the background.

In the Royal Academy the portraits are a nuisance from their number; among the British Artists they are obnoxious for other reasons. Some of the members of this society indulge in a certain wholesale picture manufacture, compounded of the usual family materials of father, mother, children, dogs, ponies, and the like. Reynolds, we all know, made enchanting compositions out of such elements, and why should not Mr. Hurlstone and Mr. Salter do the same? Of Mr. HURLSTONE'S two works, 'William Shrubbs Elers, Esq., and family' (44), and 'Children of Captain Smith Barry' (119), we hardly know which to admire the most: the first has the advantage of a red curtain as a background; the last seeks compensation in a group of trees, with a view of the sea for a distance. Mr. SALTER, after the same large, grand manner, has immortalised 'Portraits of the youngest children of Edward Mackenzie, Esq., Fawley Court, Bucks' (285). He has cleverly brought to his service a Shetland pony, the head of which he paints well, and he seeks a picturesque effect, not wholly novel, in the costume which dons Scotch tartans, plaid ribbons, and bonnets decked with a feather. The picture is the more striking from being large, and Mr. Salter, as vice-president of the society, and holding other titles of distinction, takes as his due a place full on the line.

Of the four elements, earth, air, sea, and fire, it may be difficult to decide which Mr. WOOLMER prefers for his abode; certain it is that he calls each in turn to his aid, and all equally delight to do him service. This being his happy lot, it is subject of almost congratulation that his works are released from the trammels of ordinary nature. Thus the scene which he paints from "Romeo and Juliet" (219), takes the beholder at once into the region of enchantment, and the effect is as illusive as it is lovely. The moon casts an opal light upon the terrace steps, against which contends the golden lustre of the lamps. In the foreground blossoms an oleander, and clustered grapes and rich rinded gourds group with Juliet and her nurse. In all this getting up we are perhaps a little too closely reminded of Vauxhall; we see the smoke and smell the rankness of the oil. Mr. Woolmer, however, under the fancy title 'All that glitters is not gold' (86), has painted a gem of the purest water. Here is a little child fresh issued from its bed or bath, bearing a peacock's feather as a wand, and peering wistfully into a glass vase wherein gold fish are sporting. The colour is enchanting—a feast indeed of delight—not blinding in intensity, not random in dash, but tenderly blending into harmony, each touch adding intensity and fulness to the union.

Of animal, fruit, and flower pictures the exhibition contains a fair supply. The horses painted by J. F. HERRING are after a vigorous and sturdy stock; the sheep, the lambs, and the dogs of G. W. HURLON are in the manner made familiar by Landseer. Among nume-

rous flower and fruit pieces we may particularise a pretty group of roses, purple plums, and a bird's nest (77), by W. H. WARD, highly finished and spangled with a shower of dewdrops, upon the nice execution of which the artist evidently prides himself. Coast scenes and landscapes are also in their usual number, and after their accustomed excellence. J. J. WILSON in two pictures, one from 'Boulogne' (585), and the other from 'Dover' (759), paints a capital sea, playful and joyful in the sport of wave, the crests silvery grey, the hollows deepening into tender blue and green. Among the painters of numerous landscapes we have to particularise Percy, Boddington, Pettitt, and Gosling. A scene at 'Capel Curig' (482), by Mr. PERCY, is a theatre of hills, intense in red as a caldron. The sky, the clouds, the mountains, and the trees, are flaming hot like the burning bush of Moses. The effect waxes grand, marvellous, little short of miraculous; but for quiet loving eyes it is certainly overdone. 'Shades of Evening' (231), by H. J. BODDINGTON, is of a manner more sober and solemn. The moon has throned her crescent in the sunset sky, deep shadows are "embosomed in the silent hills," "and all the air is breathing balm" upon the waters and the slumbrous woods. 'The Bernese Alps' (150), "the palaces of nature," the "icy halls of cold sublimity, where forms and falls the avalanche," painted by E. A. PETTITT, is praiseworthy even for its forbidding truthfulness. Seldom have the articulate ribs of snow monarchs with the petrified and protruding arm of the glacier been depicted with more conscientious study. The landscape, however, which delights us most in the entire exhibition, is a carefully painted river scene (182), by W. W. GOSLING, an artist who, year by year, has made steady advance, commencing with studies somewhat scattered, but here at length combining with infinite detail a broad and poetic effect. The subject is well chosen. A stately bank, or rather a well-ordered procession of noble trees, marches along the river's side from foreground to a distant horizon, sentinelled by a church tower. The river runs brimfull of glassy water, whereon the swan swims, the boat sails, and cattle enjoy the cool evening draught—a scene

"Softer than sleep, all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

In conclusion, we repeat, the average merit of the thousand and one works here exhibited is indeed low. Yet, as we have taken some pains to show, there are on these walls many pictures of exceptional excellence, which may—as did the few righteous men dwelling in a city—save from judgment and ruin.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The public will be admitted to the "Exhibition" on Monday, May 2nd. The members, and those who are not yet members, will supply a collection of pictures and works in sculpture of great interest and merit, notwithstanding that there are many "absentees" of mark. It is not our custom to anticipate notices of the several contributions; such anticipations must be always brief and inconclusive, although occasionally we direct attention to some work of special note. The hangers this year are Messrs. Webster, Boxall, and Goodall.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It is stated, by one of our contemporaries, that the President of the Royal Academy has forwarded to the Queen an answer to the propositions made by Government, and that it will be laid by the ministers before Parliament for consideration, probably after this number of our Journal is gone to press, but before it is in the hands of our readers. The

terms of the communication are said to be that the Academy rejects the proposition to introduce lay members, but consents to increase the number of Academicians by ten, making this list fifty instead of forty; to abolish the separate class of engravers by admitting them into full membership; and to enlarge the body of associates, so as practically to bring in all the best artists of the country who may be willing to enter the ranks. Nothing appears to be said at present with reference to the edifice in Trafalgar Square, and, consequently, nothing with respect to Government control over the management of the Academy's affairs.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the management, &c., of the Schools of Art, consists of the following members:—Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Adderley, Mr. E. Egerton, Mr. Tite, Mr. W. Ewart, Mr. Baxley, Mr. Trefusis, Mr. Cave, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Gregson, Mr. A. Mills, Mr. C. Ewing, Mr. Scholefield, and Mr. Potter. The name of Mr. Salt was subsequently added to the list. There are among these gentlemen many who are, or ought to be, well acquainted with the subject, and who will doubtless bring to the inquiry the knowledge and independent judgment its importance demands. We shall look with much anxiety for the appearance of the report.

WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.—A monumental brass, in memory of Mr. Dyce, is to be placed in the church of Streatham, at the expense of the parishioners; the vestry having recently passed a resolution to this effect, on the ground that his "great abilities as an artist, musician, and author, and also the services rendered by him to the parish (in which he passed the last years of his life), in his position as churchwarden, and otherwise," fully entitled him to such recognition.

THE PICTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, or at least many of them, are attracting the attention of visitors, from the condition into which they are manifestly falling; and the question naturally arises as to the cause of this deterioration. The Wilkies seem to be in the most pitiable state, but there are some by Etty, Collins, and others, scarcely in better condition. Two by the first-named painter, 'The Peep-o'-day Boy's Cabin,' and 'The First Earring,' have recently undergone extensive restorations; it was found necessary to re-paint almost the entire background of the latter, while 'The Blind Fiddler' and 'The Village Festival' are rapidly becoming "mapped out" with large and unsightly cracks. Now there must be something either in the locality or in the building itself to generate this mischief; for, though it is stated with respect to Wilkie's pictures, that, being painted with asphaltum, their decay was only a question of time, it is quite certain that other works by him, of the same date as these, continue in good preservation; besides, under any but the most unfavourable circumstances, an average of twenty, thirty, or even forty years, is a decidedly short life for an English picture. Allowing that the pigments and media used by many of our best artists are not so endurable as those employed by the old masters—and this seems to be almost universally admitted—it must still be asked, how it is that the collection at South Kensington suffers so much in comparison with other galleries? for of this there can be no doubt, and it can, we think, only be accounted for by some conditions of temperature and ventilation peculiar to the place. A building in which iron and glass form the chief materials cannot be suitable for a picture gallery; almost insufferably hot in summer, damp in autumn, and exhaling a warm moisture, engendered by artificial heat, in winter, these variations of unhealthy temperature cannot but have a baneful effect upon the canvases that are subjected to them. But whatever the cause, the fact still remains the same, that some of the chief and most valuable pictures of the English school are rapidly deteriorating; no time, therefore, should be lost by the authorities in ascertaining from what such a result has arisen, and in applying a remedy before it is too late.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—At a recent meeting of this Society, a letter from Sir C. B. Phipps was read, signifying her Majesty's approval of the award of the royal gold medal to

M. Viollet-le-Duc, of Paris, honorary corresponding member of the Institute. Mr. T. L. Donaldson, president, announced that the subscriptions, amounting to nearly £1,000, collected by the friends of the late Mr. Pugin for a testimonial to his memory, had been transferred in trust to the council of the Institute, who had invested it in securities.

ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The annual meeting of the members of this Institution was held in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum, in the month of March, when Mr. Beresford-Hope, president, delivered an address on "The Position of the Art-Workman," and afterwards delivered the prizes to the competitors to whom they had been awarded. In wood-carving, the first prize of £20 was obtained by Mr. J. Seymour, of Taunton; the second, of £5, by Mr. J. M. Leach, of Cambridge; and an extra prize of £1 ls. was given to Mr. A. Kenmore, in the employ of Mr. Forsyth, of Edward Street, Hampstead Road. In coloured decoration, the first prize of £5 5s., given by the Ecclesiological Society, was awarded to Mr. A. Hassam, in the employ of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Co., New King Street, Covent Garden; the second, of £3 3s., the gift of Mr. Beresford-Hope, to Mr. J. J. Wood, Brown Street, Bryanstone Square; and an extra prize of £1 ls., given by the Architectural Museum, to Mr. E. Sherwood, nephew, and in the employ, of Mr. Wood, the second prizewinner.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY had their third *conversazione* of the present season on the 31st of April. The rooms were not so well supplied with works of Art as they have been on some former occasions, but there was still much to invite attention. The post of honour was assigned to Mr. E. M. Ward's large and finished sketch of his gallery-picture, 'Marie Antoinette parting with the Dauphin,' on one or the other side of it hung 'Phillipine Wilser confessing to the Emperor Frederick I. of Germany her clandestine Marriage with that Monarch's Son,' by F. Koller, an admirably painted picture, most expressive in the characters introduced; 'Ehrenbreitstein,' a fine landscape by the late F. Bridell; a landscape by W. Linnell, not one of the best works of this painter; another, very good, by Müller; O'Neil's 'Westward, Ho!' two or three beautiful specimens of still life, by the late W. Duffield, among them was conspicuous 'The Dead Heron,' 'The Reaper,' a young girl, by T. Faed, A.R.A.; a large 'Sea-view,' by W. Melby, carefully painted, with some other oil-paintings of lesser note. The principal examples of water-colour pictures were two somewhat early drawings by Prout, 'Folkestone,' and 'Durham,' firm and vigorous; a fine specimen of Dewint, an old castle on the bank of a river; 'Good Dog!' and 'Devotion,' by W. Hunt; 'Baiting Hooks,' W. H. Mole; 'The Hayfield,' H. Jutsum; 'Sardis,' H. Johnson. C. Lewis contributed several good drawings, among which we especially noticed a stream sheltered by trees, its surface covered with sedges and water-lilies. F. Dillon also sent several drawings of Eastern scenery; nor must we forget to mention two small *bits* by W. Coleman, which Birket Foster would scarcely disown, and a portfolio of unfinished subjects, wild flowers and plants, a bird's nest and eggs, by his sister, Miss Helen Coleman, a young lady who seems to aspire, and not presumptuously, to the mantle that the veteran, William Hunt, has but lately put aside. The portfolios of sketches were not numerous, but the visitors gathered round those contributed by H. Jutsum, T. M. Richardson, Hicks, Langhren, the newly-elected associate member of the Water-colour Society, and one of some very spirited sketches of the heads of dogs and other animals, by Miss Fairman.

CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The opposition to this Society on the part of the stall-keepers at the Crystal Palace has resulted in the establishment of a central office at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, and the vacating of that at Sydenham, though the drawing of the prizes will still take place, as hitherto, at the Palace. It is to be regretted, for the best interests of the Crystal Palace Company, that an opposition of such a character, and based, as it was, upon grounds so fallacious, was listened to by the Directors. About 4,700 guineas were taken in subscriptions last year to this Art-Union, and it was assumed by the

Crystal Palace stall-keepers, that if the Art-Union had not existed there, this sum would have been spent amongst their gimcracks, sweetmeats, &c. That people desirous to subscribe one guinea or more for a work of Art should, if precluded from such a channel of investment, seek to disburse the amounts in the ordinary stock of so miscellaneous and bazaar-like a character as that which crowds the shops of the Crystal Palace courts and galleries, was an assumption as unwarrantable as it was ridiculous, and more particularly so, from the peculiar facts of the case. Certainly the exhibitors were not aware that, of the 4,700 subscriptions taken by the Society, but about 500 were taken in the Palace, and it could only be a moiety of this sum that could by any chance have found its way into the pockets of the Crystal Palace dealers. That the works produced by this Art-Union generally, and in some cases very remarkably, illustrated the advantages attending the influence which a body of gentlemen of accredited taste may have upon the character of Art-manufactures, is universally admitted. Not only have the Presentation Works of this Society been of a high character in regard to their Art-value, but they have been produced at prices that demonstrate the possibility of making good Art also cheap Art. The alliance of such a society with the Crystal Palace Company was creditable to that body; it was in accordance with the principles upon which the claim for public support on behalf of the foundation of the Crystal Palace was based, and we think to loosen the ties of such a connection, and especially at the present moment, a great and lamentable mistake.

THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY, with the usual liberality of its noble owner, is now opened to the public for the season, every Saturday, between the hours of ten and four. Tickets of admission are to be obtained at Mr. Smith's, 137, New Bond Street.

HISTORICAL PICTURE BY MRS. E. M. WARD.—The great success so deservedly attending the first and second essays by Mrs. E. M. Ward in historical illustration, as evidenced by her fine pictures of 'Henrietta Maria receiving intelligence of the Execution of Charles I.' and 'Mary Queen of Scots confiding her Infant Son to the care of the Earl of Mar,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1862 and 1863, have stimulated her to a further effort in the same style of Art. It is rarely that successes are consecutive, but there can, in this instance, be no doubt that the present picture will still further strengthen the high opinion in which her previous labours have been so justly held. The scene is laid in the Tower of London; and the young king, Edward V., is shown listlessly reclining, absorbed and melancholy, before a hearth, upon which the smouldering logs emit a cheerless gleam. Near is a table, upon which is spread the preparations for a meal, from which the king has evidently turned in sickening distaste. At the entrance, in the background, is the figure of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., leading on the younger prince, the Duke of York, to share his royal brother's captivity, and ultimately his fate. The blended look of affection and surprise in the face of the boy-prince is admirably rendered, affording a marked contrast to the sinister expression which darkens the features of Richard. Although the princes being in mourning for the recent death of their father to some extent limited the application of varied colour, still, by the judicious introduction of fitting accessories, the picture is extremely rich in that quality. The manipulation of the different textures is most satisfactory, and though most highly elaborated, is marked by great executive skill and vigour. The cloak of royal purple and the miniver cape, which partially shroud the figure of Edward, as well as the tapestry covering the table, that of the bed-hangings, the vessels containing the viands, &c., are marvellously real in the variety and speciality of their surfaces. Both in sentiment and treatment the picture is a great triumph. The physical and mental prostration of the youthful king, so vividly and touchingly depicted, at once enlists our sympathy, whilst the graceful rendering of the action still further deepens the interest which rivets the spectator. Altogether this is essentially a grand work, as successful in its result as it is ambitious in its aim, and furnishes a most con-

clusive argument as to the justice and necessity of admitting female artists within the ranks of the members of the Royal Academy.

THE NELSON COLUMN LIONS.—A recent number of the *Reader* stated that "Sir Edwin Landseer has completed the model for one of the lions destined for the base of the Nelson column. It is said to be a miracle of Art in its way, the result of infinite study, and worthy of all the time the great artist has expended on its execution. It is at present in the studio of Baron Marochetti, previous to being cast in bronze." A report of this kind was in circulation many months ago, but we have not heard it confirmed in any way, and can only wait in hope that the animals may be "in position" during our lifetime—of which there seems some doubt.

FEMALE ART-STUDENTS AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A memorial, signed by twenty-three female students of the South Kensington and other Art-schools, all of whom are training for professional artists, has been addressed to the Royal Academy, asking to have restored to them the privilege of studying in the schools of the Academy, the doors of which, last year, were closed against them. The principal ground on which the excluding resolution was based was "limited accommodation," but the memorialists truly intimate that there need be no apprehension of the rooms being overcrowded with female students; first, because the number "likely to become competitors for admission will, at least for years to come, be very small indeed in comparison with the number of male students; while the proportion of successful female competitors is likely, as your memorialists fear, to be still smaller. And, secondly, because that inasmuch as your memorialists neither ask nor desire that any preference or favour be extended towards the female competitors at the entrance examination, the result will be that the entire number of students will not be increased." Other reasons are stated in the memorial to show that the request made is both reasonable and just; we shall be right glad to know it prevails with the Academy, and that the ladies are at least put on the same road to professional distinction as the stronger sex. The annals of Art supply abundant evidence of female talent, and sometimes of great genius; while the channels open to women not only for honour, but for subsistence, are not so many that even one—and that a high one—should be shut to them. Justice, reason, public opinion, and gallantry alike demand that the Royal Academicians should reconsider their determination.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE.—A laudable project has been arranged for an exchange of photographic and duplicate copies of works of Art between the Science and Art Department and foreign Museums.

MR. PENRY WILLIAMS has favoured us with two or three statements respecting his pictures, which, in consequence of his distant residence in Rome, we did not receive in time to embody in our notice of his works last month. It may here be observed that the delivery of letters in the Papal States seems often a matter of great uncertainty, some we have addressed there recently never having reached their destination; and a correspondent in Rome has complained to us more than once of the uncertainty of the postal arrangements in the city. Mr. Williams's picture of 'The Ferry on the River Ninfa' was painted for the late Mrs. Huskisson, relict of the late Right Hon. W. Huskisson; after her death it was purchased by Mr. W. Forman, the present owner. The picture of 'Il Voto, or the Convalescent,' was painted for the Marquis of Westminster, and is now in the Grosvenor collection: the commission was given for it under the following circumstances. Mr. Williams was engaged on the picture of the 'Madonna del Arco' for the late Sir Matthew W. Ridley, who died before the work was quite completed and sent home. Three competitors then put in a claim for its possession, the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Colborne, and Sir Henry Bunbury; but Sir Matthew's son, the present baronet, claimed priority, and obtained the painting. The Marquis, who was bent on having a specimen of the artist's pencil in his gallery, then gave Mr. Williams the commission for the 'Il Voto.' The

'Artist's Portfolio, or Rustic Amateurs,' was executed for the late Lady Davy, who, it is said, intended to bequeath it to the Marquis of Westminster; it is presumed she did not carry her design into effect, for after the death of this lady the picture passed into the hands of Mr. Kerr, its present owner. The 'Scene at a Neapolitan Fountain,' now at the South Kensington Museum, was bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Mrs. Huskisson, long the friend and liberal patron of Mr. Williams, who also painted as many as eight pictures for the late Duke of Sutherland, five or six for the late Earl of Carlisle, all of which are now at Castle Howard, and two for the Duchess of Cambridge. Last year he was honoured with a commission from the Prince of Wales for a picture, now at Marlborough House. None of these works have been publicly exhibited.

A BUST OF OLIVER CROMWELL, from the chisel of Mr. Noble, has been executed at the expense of Mr. T. B. Potter, of Manchester, for presentation to the Reform Club.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.—At the last annual examination, in the month of March, of the pupils in this school, Mr. Hart, R.A., the inspector, awarded twenty-one medals, and selected eight drawings for the national competition.

ART-UNION COMPETITION SCULPTURE.—The council of this institution has awarded the premium of £600 to 'The Wood Nymph,' by Mr. C. B. Birch, a young sculptor who, we believe, has studied much in Germany.

On the 16th of March, the anniversary of the death of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen and several members of the royal family repaired to the mausoleum at Frogmore, to witness the uncovering of the statue of her Royal Highness. The figure is executed by Mr. Theed, who modelled it under the superintendence of the Prince Consort; it represents the Duchess standing on a pedestal of red Portuguese marble, in a temple over the chamber containing the sarcophagus. Above the statue is inscribed, "Her children arise up and call her blessed." The following verse, by Tennyson, also appears:—

"Long as the heart beats life within her breast,
Thy child will bless thee, guardian, mother mild,
And far away thy memory will be blest,
By children of the children of thy child."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Mr. H. Weigall is painting a portrait, and Mr. Joseph Wyon is executing a medal, of her Royal Highness; the latter is for the city of London.

W. M. THACKERAY.—Mr. E. Edwards has photographed and published two portraits of the late Mr. Thackeray; one of them, by the way, is only a smaller repetition of the other, omitting the background, but it is a far more pleasing portrait than the larger, which is on so extended a scale, as to be positively disagreeable; the face looks coarse and blotchy. The likenesses in both, however, are excellent; there is no mistaking that massive head, and those striking features, which, once seen, no one could ever forget; and as examples of photography they are excellent.

Among the various memorials of Shakspeare which the present year has brought forward, is one by Messrs. Grinsell and Bourne, of Birmingham, a bronze medallion of the poet, modelled from the Chandos portrait by Mr. J. J. Allen, also of Birmingham. The medallion is large, about nine inches in height, and the casting is clean and delicate; the likeness also appears to be carefully preserved.

PRIZES FOR ART-WORKMEN.—The Society of Arts offers this year an extended and liberal list of prizes to be competed for. On the chief classes sixty-four prizes are announced, varying from £3 to £20 each, besides one of £25, with the Society's silver medal, one of £15, three of £10, two of £7 10s., and two of £5, for original specimens of wood-carving. All particulars relative to subjects and conditions may be learned on application at the Society's rooms, in the Adelphi.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862 will have, perhaps, its most singular memorial in a work which Mr. J. B. Robinson, a sculptor resident in Derby, is preparing. During the time the exhibition was open, he collected about three thousand specimens, patterns, books, circulars, &c., from various exhibitors, native and foreign, which he has since increased to ten thousand, consisting of ribbons, laces, velvets, embroidery,

silks, tapestries, woollen goods, carpets, and all kind of fabrics, with photographs, lithographs, prints, &c., of large or costly objects. The specimens of real fabrics Mr. Robinson has inlaid, or placed on leaves, to form a book, which will also include specimens of polished woods, stones, marbles, granites, prepared sufficiently thin to be inlaid, as well as samples of colours in small flat bottles, also inlaid. About one thousand of these pages are now finished; when complete the entire work will probably comprise fifty large imperial folio volumes, and will certainly form the most unique record of the industrial arts of our age. Her Majesty has, we understand, had some of the pages submitted to her, and has graciously permitted Mr. Robinson to inscribe his most laborious undertaking to the memory of the Prince Consort.

REGISTRATION OF WORKS OF LITERATURE AND ART.—It appears, from a return made to the House of Commons on the motion of Mr. Black, that during the last year the number of British books registered at Stationers' Hall was 1,534; foreign books, &c., 818; and works of Art, 3,611. The number of Assignments registered within the same period was 132, and of Certificates furnished, 197. The average of fees paid during the last six years amounted to £436 11s. per annum.

THE ARTISTS' VOLUNTEER CORPS had a conspicuous share in the toils and honours of the Easter Monday campaign. Owing to the near approach of the opening of the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, the corps did not appear on the ground in its full strength, but the members who were present, under the command of Captains F. Leighton and Lewis, Lieutenant Telford, Ensign Earles, and Adjutant Harman, attracted very general notice by their soldier-like bearing, their high state of discipline, and the precision of their movements and firing. Captain Lewis, an amateur painter of great talent, was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of Lord Bury, who commanded the division of which the "Artists" formed a part.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—There has been no greater triumph on the stage, since the glorious days of Macready's management, than that which Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton have attained by the aid of Mr. William Beverley and other auxiliaries. The play of *Henry the Fourth* (the First Part) has ever been a popular favourite; yet there are so many difficulties in the way of its representation, that it is not often acted. Its revival is, undoubtedly, the most successful that modern play-goers have witnessed. The managers have brought rare intelligence to bear upon the work, neglecting nothing that could have been taught them by the experience of predecessors, but availing themselves of all modern inventions and improvements—such as may give right effect to every portion of the acted drama. The players do their best: the parts are well cast and ably sustained; but our references are chiefly to the accuracy of the costume, the fidelity, as well as the beauty, of the scenic representations, and the general character of the *mise-en-scene*. The play is deservedly popular—the theatre is "crowded nightly." We regard this fact as evidence of increased power on the part of the public to appreciate excellence and regard merit.

ART IN THE LAW COURTS.—An action was tried last month at Liverpool, before Mr. Justice Willes and a special jury, in which Mr. Herbert, a picture-dealer of that place, sought to recover from a Mr. Thompson the sum of £215, which the plaintiff had paid the defendant for an alleged picture by Turner. The transaction took place through a Mr. Hollins, who was the means of introducing Mr. Thompson to the plaintiff. Mr. A. Cooper, R.A., Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., Mr. E. Goodall, and Mr. Pye, the two last-named gentlemen the well-known engravers of Turner's pictures, gave evidence that the picture in question was not the work of that great artist; this, in fact, appeared not to be doubted for an instant by any one capable of forming an opinion; and it certainly does seem strange that a dealer of any judgment, such as it may be presumed Mr. Herbert is, or is considered to be, should have committed so palpable a mistake, and that he should have given so large a sum as £215 for a picture afterwards estimated

as worth only from £3 to £8. The action turned upon the question of warranty, the plaintiff declaring, the defendant denying, that any warranty was given. The former asserted in evidence that he bought the picture almost without examining it, while the latter and some of his witnesses stated that Mr. Herbert had very closely investigated its pretensions in their presence, that the sale was a *bonâ fide* transaction, and that the plaintiff had bought the work in the regular way of his trade as a picture-dealer, exercising his own judgment with regard to it. His lordship, in summing up, submitted to the jury, that after the evidence given as to authenticity, the picture could not be deemed a "Turner," and he then left the question of warranty to their decision; the jury returned a verdict for the defendant on this issue, and for the plaintiff on the second plea, which raised the question as to authorship. The verdict was, in fact, against Mr. Herbert, and we do not see, on the evidence as reported, how any other could have been given.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has, it is stated, declined the offer of the sum of £15, voted by the Society of Wood-carvers in aid of the prizes which the council of the former institution proposes to give this year for the best specimens of wood-carving. It is not easy to understand why this desire to co-operate in a good work should be rejected, unless the wood-carvers have attached to their offer such conditions as the Society of Arts could not accept consistently with the position it occupies, or is assumed to occupy, before the public. The matter, however, requires some explanation.

THE BEHNES MEMORIAL. At a meeting of the friends and admirers of the works of the late eminent sculptor, William Behnes, it was resolved that a public subscription be forthwith set on foot, with the view of raising funds sufficient for the erection of a monument of an enduring yet simple and inexpensive character, over the remains of this artist in the cemetery at Kensal Green; and it was further resolved, on the motion of Dr. Babington, that a bust of the deceased be executed in marble or bronze, and presented to the nation, either for the National or the Portrait Gallery. The Bishop of London, the Duke of Manchester, and many other persons of eminence, have requested their names to be placed upon the subscription list. The honorary treasurer of the fund is the distinguished artist, George Cruikshank; and the honorary secretary to the committee, Mr. Morton Edwards, No. 5, George Street, Hanover Square.

THERE is, at 531, Oxford Street, attributed to Pietro da Cortona, an 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' a picture of perhaps six feet by five, in very good condition, and harmonious in colour. The Virgin sits with the infant Saviour before her, and about to be taken up by a woman who stoops for that purpose. Between these figures stands Joseph, but farther back the other figures represent the shepherds. The background is a plain field of black, without any local accessory.

THE RUINS OF COPAN, CENTRAL AMERICA.—A series of photographic views of these remarkable ruins, taken by Mr. Osbert Salvin, has recently been published by Messrs. Smith, Beck, & Co. Copan is, or rather was, situated in the Republic of Honduras, close to the frontier of Guatemala, on the bank of a river of the same name, and in a valley two feet above the level of the sea, flanked by mountains on either side, rising one thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the river. It has been described by the travellers, Stephens and Catherwood. The ruins consist, chiefly, of monoliths, richly sculptured with hieroglyphics, presumed to be the works of a race of Indians now extinct; nothing, however, has been learned, beyond conjecture, of their use, date, or of the people who constructed them: it is supposed that they had reference to some religious ceremonial in connection with sacrifices. Standing amidst tall herbage and among trees of forest growth, these curious and picturesque fragments and complete stones show no small amount of artistic taste, and on that account alone, irrespective of their unknown archaeological interest, are worthy of being brought before Europeans in the manner in which we see them in Messrs. Smith's stereoscopic slides. Some of them remind us of the ancient Celtic monuments met with in Ireland.

REVIEWS.

THE HOLY BIBLE: containing the Old and New Testaments, with References and a condensed Concordance. Illustrated with more than Eight Hundred Engravings. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

A quarto edition of the Scriptures, printed in bold type on good paper, with the additional attractions set forth in the title-page, as above, and published at a price within the means of almost all but the very poor, can only be regarded as an immense boon to every one who can read the English language. Such a book is that which the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell & Co. has at length completed; and a really noble volume it is, both in appearance, and for the purpose of the biblical student. It is not to be assumed that the illustrations are to be classed with the highest style of Art, but with very few exceptions they are all good, and many of them something more than good; they include views of cities and other localities mentioned in the text, illustrations of the manners, customs, and natural productions of the East, and the most important scenes and narratives mentioned in sacred history, while each chapter begins with an elegant initial letter. The numerous marginal renderings of the text and the references are taken from the most approved Oxford editions, and a notable feature of the volume is a careful and well-arranged Synopsis of the four Gospels. The appended Concordance, too, will be found of great utility. With such a Bible as this in her possession, no Christian mother need fear of attracting her young children to the lessons it teaches by its profuse and excellent illustrations, while the theological student will find in it no small amount of the information he desires to gain concerning the truths of revelation.

SHAKESPEARE: HIS BIRTHPLACE, HOME, AND GRAVE. A Pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon in the Autumn of 1863. By the Rev. J. M. JEPHSON, B.A., F.S.A. With Photographic Illustrations by ERNEST EDWARDS, B.A. A contribution to the Tercentenary Commemoration of the Poet's Birth. Published by L. REEVE & Co. London.

This is a *Shakespeare* year: we adopt our own orthography, giving Mr. Jephson the benefit of his in the title of his book. If the whole country has not risen up *en masse* to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the great poet at Stratford—nay, if devotees have not come from every quarter of the globe where the English language is known, to offer their incense at the same shrine, it is not because the world has been left in ignorance that it is exactly three hundred years since Shakespeare was born. In every conceivable way we have been reminded of the fact: it greets us on all sides as we walk the streets; we read it in every newspaper and periodical that come to hand; artist and sculptor, the loom, the factory, and the printing-press, have all aided in the work of commemorating the birthday of our "immortal bard," contributing each something of more or less value to his glorification. Mr. Jephson's offering is a very pleasant book, describing the author's journey on horseback to Stratford, what he encountered on his road thither, and what he saw when he reached the place, and what he did not see, but has read of, concerning Shakespeare, his family, his doings and writings. In addition are some apt and well-timed remarks on the drama in general, and especially on its state and condition in the sixteenth century; all is written in an easy gossiping style as far as possible from book-making, and having the accompaniments of numerous excellent photographs illustrating the most important localities mentioned in the history, the volume is not only a seasonable but a worthy tribute to the man Mr. Jephson evidently delights to honour.

THE BOOK OF DAYS; a Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar. Edited by R. CHAMBERS. Published by W. AND R. CHAMBERS, London and Edinburgh.

The Messrs. Chambers have been so long and so honourably connected with literature, that the works they have issued form an useful library. Early pioneers in the field, they have stood the brunt of the battle they had helped to call forth—the good fight for cheap and wholesome literature. Young men of the present day are no judges of their own position; they cannot fully realise what that would have been thirty years ago. What were considered cheap books then, would now be thought dear enough; yet very few of them could be obtained at that time. The world marvelled when the *Penny Magazine* was first

published, and talked of the paper alone being worth the penny; but what is that to the penny publications we now get daily? The high character of very many of these cheap works is another wondrous thing. Authors of the highest eminence write in them, and willingly, for it is notorious that they pay best. It is a wholesome sign of the times, this popular love of good reading, and nothing is pleasanter than to know that a sound journal, like that which has been kept up so many years by the Messrs. Chambers, still holds its position amid the rivalry of so many claimants to public notice.

"The Book of Days," the last of the series, is now completed, and does much honour to the able editor. Constructed on the plan of "Hone's Every-Day Book," it resembled it a little too much in the very earliest pages; but a new and valuable vein of curious information soon developed itself, and the volumes ultimately became a storehouse of fresh and agreeable anecdote, biography, and curiosities of literature. It is impossible to turn over these pages without gaining some new and peculiar information. Memoirs of people remarkable for talent, eccentricity, or popular renown, abound. Strange inventions, wonderful exhibitions, quack doctors and conjurers, oddities of life and manners, are also largely dwelt upon. Manners and customs, some of the strangest kind, also receive abundant elucidations. All is rendered more clear by quaint woodcuts, many copied from rare originals; but the larger number are not to be found in any work of this kind. We may point to the articles on the Shrewsbury Show and Lord Mayor's Show to corroborate this; and to those on Lotteries, Bartholomew Fair, or the Garrett Election, for their superiority to those by Hone. Very many minor articles abound in interest, and some that appear as little essays on particular branches of archaeological lore are well worthy attention for their completeness and curiosity. The art of condensation has been well-studied in many; thus, though brief, they are full, and sometimes exhaust the main topics of a subject. A reference to the index of this book will be its best letter of recommendation, and show how large a field of research has been patiently trodden over by the contributors who have been so ably marshalled by Mr. Robert Chambers. Where so much that is new is combined with so much that is true, and antiquarianism has been divested of its driest details to give readers instruction and pleasure, the work cannot fail to be useful. As a reference book it has much value, but more as one that may be always taken up with a certainty of amusing an idle hour, and adding as well to the reader's useful knowledge.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW, EDINBURGH, 1860. Engraved by A. WILLMORE, from the Picture by S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A. Published by J. L. FAIRLESS, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Subjects of this class and state ceremonials of all kinds are among the most difficult which painters undertake to represent; they do not, as a rule, compose pictorially; there is, generally, a studied formality in the disposition of all concerned which opposes itself to the ordinary laws that regulate the artist's work, and takes away from it much of its real picturesque character. With these difficulties, however, Mr. Bough has very successfully contended, in his delineation of the great Scottish Volunteer review that took place in Edinburgh four years ago. The place selected for the review was greatly in his favour, and by choosing a point of sight that takes in on one side a considerable stretch of high irregular ground, and on the other, the city, with its mass of magnificent houses rising gradually up, and backed by the Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, and the Cathedral, all in the distance, we have a landscape of great beauty. Then he has covered the rising ground on the left with a host of spectators, some seated, some lying down, others standing, but all in varied costumes; the central part of the foreground is occupied by batteries of artillery, men and horses "standing at ease;" to the right of the foreground are more groups of spectators mingled with artillery, and beyond all, in the valley, masses of infantry brigaded into squares; the disposition of the whole material, civil and military, is as picturesque as one can well conceive of such a subject.

But if the task is an arduous one for the painter, it certainly becomes still more so for the engraver, who has no colour to aid him; all the tints of the rainbow, and as many others as the artist chooses to put on his canvas, must be transformed into black and white only; hence the labours of the former are so far greater, and his ingenuity is more severely taxed. But Mr. Willmore has acquitted himself well, the print, a large one, is, as a whole, sparkling, with far less monotony of tone than might be expected from the subject, and it shows a good distri-

bution of light and shade; the sky, with its grand floating clouds, is exceedingly well managed.

This engraving, which will assuredly be welcomed by all those who took part in, or witnessed, the grand display of Scottish loyalty, was entrusted in the first instance to the late Mr. J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., who had proceeded but a little way with the etching when his death occurred; the plate was then taken up by his brother, who has been a long time engaged upon it, and brought to the successful termination in which it is now presented to the public.

MAYALL'S NEW SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF EMINENT AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS. Part I.

MAYALL'S CELEBRITIES OF THE LONDON STAGE. Part I.

Published by MAYOR AND SON, Soho Square.

These are new candidates, in photographic art, for public favour. It will suffice to say they are the productions of Mr. Mayall to give assurance of their merit. Among the first to adopt photography as a profession, he has been among the best, if not the very best, by whom it has been upheld; and the art is undoubtedly much indebted to him for the universal interest it excites. We cannot fear that his "selection" of subjects will be other than good; there are few persons, eminent or illustrious, in Great Britain, who will object to sit to him, for all may be certain of "mercy" as well as "justice" in the transcripts that will be made. He has made a most satisfactory beginning. Part I. contains portraits—about six inches by four—of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred; others of the Royal Family will no doubt follow in due course.

The celebrities of the London stage begin with an admirable "carte" of Charles Matthews. Each portrait contains a well and gracefully-written, and sufficiently long, biography.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS. Illustrated. **THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.** Part I. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

Although we shall have occasion to describe in detail this new edition of the works of Goldsmith—probably introducing into our pages examples of the engravings by which it is lavishly illustrated—we desire now to direct the attention of our readers to its merits. The typography is remarkably good, not too small even for venerable readers. The paper, slightly tinted, is of more than ordinary excellence, yet here we have Part I., consisting of forty pages, and containing twelve large engravings, for the sum of sixpence. There has been no publication of a better order issued by the modern press—we mean without reference to its price, although Messrs. Cassell have accustomed us to expect much at little cost. The drawings are by Mr. Selous; he has read the several characters well. It is, perhaps, impossible for any artist to reach our preconceived ideas of the vicar, the simple, upright "parson" of the old school, but Mr. Selous has seen and felt the benevolence of his countenance, and brings him pleasantly before the eye. His drawings are all "masterly;" there is nothing here that may not satisfy the most fastidious, while the subjects are all so treated as to please "the masses," for whom the publication is principally intended. In a word, the work is a charming production in all its several departments, not unworthy a place on the drawing-room table of the mansion, but suited to adorn the parlour table of the cottage.

A very important consideration is that which regards the "editing" of such a work; at present we have but little evidence on this head, except in a "neatly" and gracefully written preface to the Vicar. But this essential part is sure to be well done, for it is in the hands of Francis Waller, LL.D., a scholar, and "a ripe and good one," who holds a prominent and honourable position in letters, although hitherto his productions have been chiefly anonymous, under his *nom de plume* of Slingsby.

Messrs. Cassell are thus adding to the debt the British public will owe them, by bringing the best of our classic authors within easy reach of persons of restricted means.

HAPPY AS A QUEEN. Engraved by F. STACKPOOLE, from the Picture by T. BROOKS. Published by BROOKS AND SONS, London.

Outside the door of the nursery we doubt if this print will find many admirers: it represents a little girl holding in her lap a small doll dressed in its best. The subject is scarcely worth so much careful engraving as has been expended on it, and is certainly only suited to the apartment where the young members of a family congregate.